Vol 9 The War Illustrated Nº 229

SIXPENCE

and AFTERWARDS

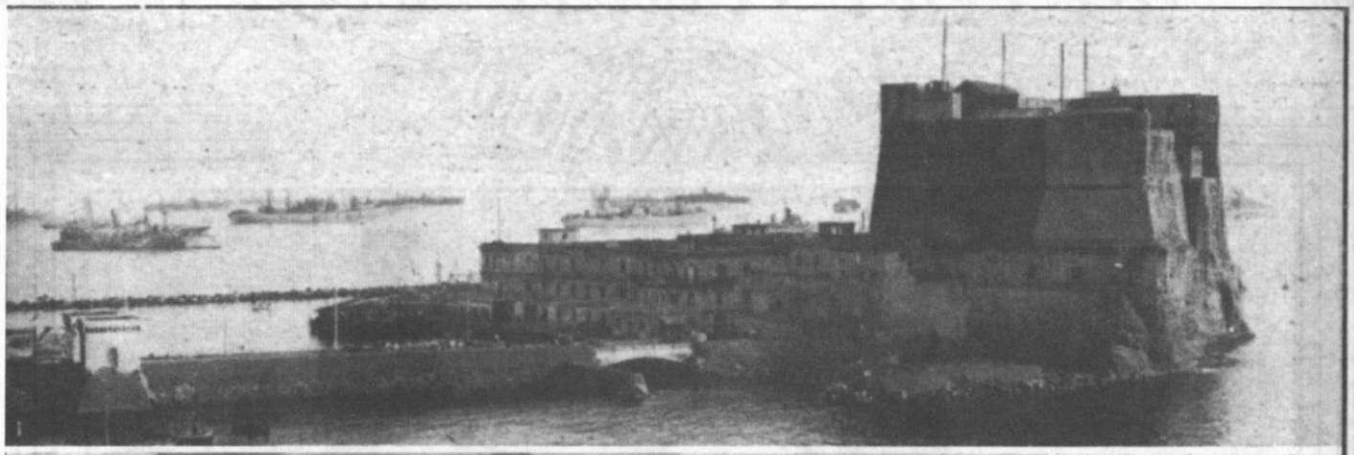
MARCH 29, 1945

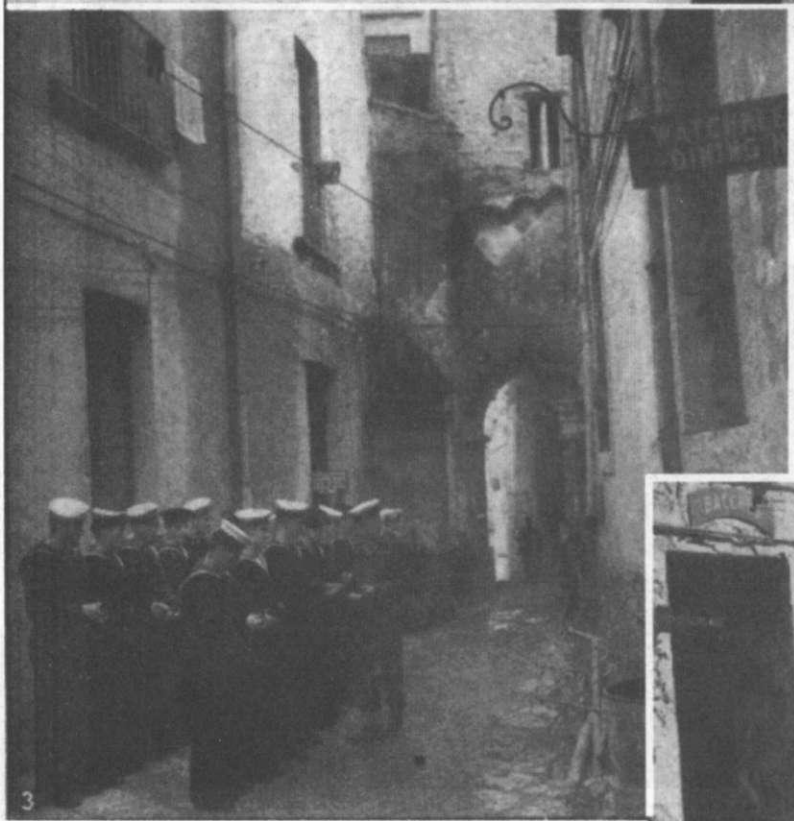
MEN OF H.M.S. DEVONSHIRE were in jovial mood when the cruiser docked at Plymouth after one of her trooping voyages from Australia. She had also been employed in troop movements during the Pacific War, and earlier had been on escort and patrol duty in the South Atlantic. Her next and last trooping trip will be from Colombo; then the cruiser will proceed to Scotland, to be converted to a cadet training ship to replace H.M.S. Frobisher. (See pages 585, 591; also page 489, Vol. 6.) *Photo, Fitzgerald*

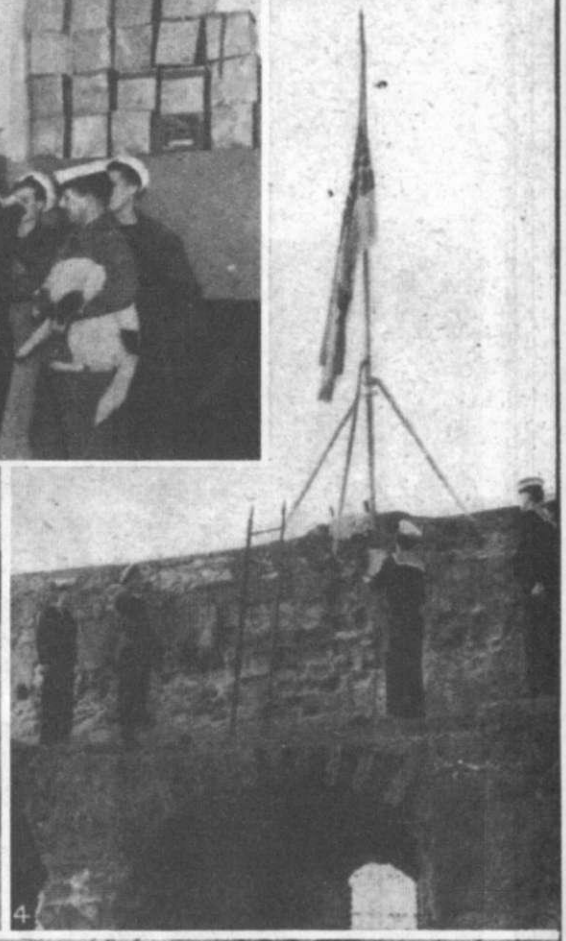
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

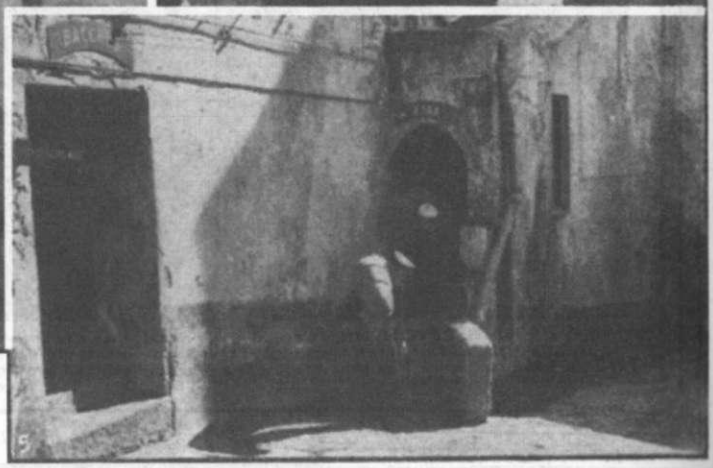
NO. 230 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, APRIL 12

Royal Navy Barracks in Roman Emperor's Castle









FORT CASTELL DEL' OVO, in the Bay of Naples (1) where Romulus Augustulus died in 476, is now a "stone frigate" home of British sailors, who are seen at the N.A.A.F.I. canteen (2), and waiting to go "ashore" (3). The sunset ceremony of striking the White Ensign takes place on the battlements (4), beneath which the entrances to apartments (5) are named after British warships.

PAGE 738

World's Worst Journey is Ended

By
WEBSTER FAWCETT

DRAMATIC and perilous daily flights from North-East India over the Himalayan spurs with war supplies needed by China ceased at the close of 1945. But the service will not soon be forgotten by those who blazed the trail and those who saw it through to the finish, for reasons outlined here. See also illus. pages 44-45, Vol. 8.

ONE of the most astonishing chapters in flying history began in March 1942, when the Japanese advance in Burma closed the Burma Road, so long a symbol of China's stubborn resistance. President Roosevelt promised airborne aid to China, and a handful of Douglas DC3 transports under Col. W. D. Old soon began implementing his pledge by way of the "Hump" route.

Operating from a poor airfield, with no maintenance facilities, little staff and inadequate ground crews, the pilots never dreamed that the air ferry they were pioneering from Assam across the perilous Himalayan spurs would result in more freight to China than the Burma Road had ever carried. These pilots of U.S. Air Transport Command and Chinese National Airways Corporation were flying an almost uncharted route, with no weather reporting and no fighter protection, while running the gauntlet of attack from enemy aircraft.

There was no radio beam and Col. Old's H.Q. did not possess a radio set, until a wrecked one was obtained and repaired. For the first two months the flyers did not even have oxygen equipment, although they had to fly at 17,000 feet or over. Nor did the majority of the planes have any superchargers to help them to climb the necessary height over the sabre-toothed peaks. For the first six months the weather was so bad that none of the pilots ever saw the country they were flying over—and some of them thought it was just as well!

15 Transports Lost in One Day

Yet within a year the Hump ferry was handling over 3,000 tons of freight a month. More pilots were involved than the entire U.S. air transport system had employed before the War, and traffic soon became greater than that of America's three leading airlines together. Then the R.A.F. began taking part in the regular service in July 1944, and the tempo of Far Eastern warfare quickened, daily flights amounting to 200 aircraft. In October 1944, 20,000 tons of war material was reaching China monthly over the Hump and in January 1945 no less than 44,000 tons were flown in.

One British flyer, Squadron-Leader Michael Vlasto, D.F.C. and Bar, made over 120 crossings with supplies and passengers, through electric storms, gales and snow. An intrepid Canadian, Flying Officer Murray Scott, logged 600 Himalayan flying hours, and a Chinese-Canadian pilot, Capt. Harold Chinn, actually made over 400 Hump journeys within 18 months. On one voyage 75 people were carried and set down safely, an incredible load for an aircraft normally taking only 20 passengers. When the 4,000 h.p. Curtis Commando transport went into action, larger cargoes such as jeeps, dismantled 2½-ton trucks, tanks and rows of pack-mules were carried with impunity.

BUT on one terrible day in 1945 no fewer than 15 Allied transports were lost on the Hump. The score would have been one higher had not Murray Scott and his crew fought a snowstorm for nearly seven hours in the air and then made an astonishing landing at Kunming without either flaps or brakes.

On another occasion, when five Spitfires vanished without trace and a Dakota limped home with a wing torn off by a monsoon squall, a transport pilot found himself getting weak and discovered just in time that all his crew were unconscious. Flying blind through the monsoon with erratic instruments, he had unwittingly been forced to some 30,000 feet.

Things like that were frequently happening. A young pilot finding his C46 icing-up at 12,000 feet gave the order to bale out, and when his crew had gone over the side found he could still fly the plane. He crossed the Hump alone, and five hours later landed at a Yunnan field without his crew but with his plane load intact. Another plane, India-bound from China, became iced so badly that passengers and crew were forced to jump, and then walk to the base through the jungle. It was not till some weeks later that a Chinese colonel—one of the passengers—discovered this was not the customary way of reaching India!

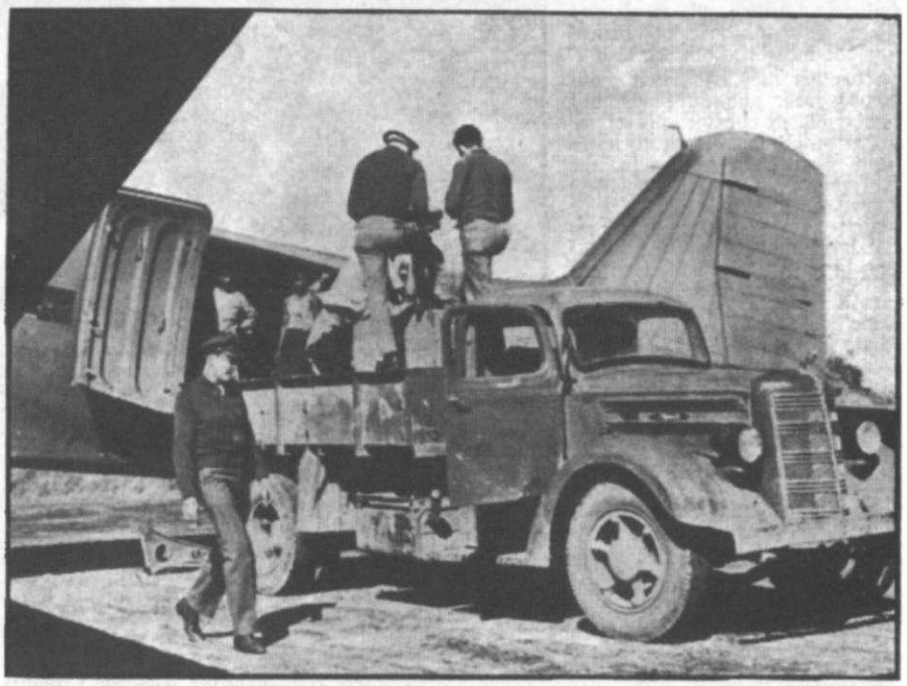
Then there was the exploit of five Americans who parachuted into Tibet and were royally entertained in Lhasa, before their 42-day journey home on foot and by mule. At best, a parachute jump into the precipitous mountains and unexplored gorges meant hardship and grim exposure. At worst—the secret valleys and untrodden peaks have become scrap-heaps of lost planes and graveyards of dead men.

Such was the heavy price paid for the conquest of the "roof of the world." At first it was certain death to go down in this inhospitable terrain, but after the inauguration of a Search and Rescue Squadron in October 1943 more than three-quarters of all the men who baled out over the Hump were saved. Each walk-out party brought added knowledge of the wasteland, and experience helped to develop a standard jungle kit to be dropped to stranded men with rations, medical supplies, fishing tackle and even a portable radio to help them keep in contact with the rescue planes.

Money with which to buy the good will of the hillmen, and extra shoes and socks, were not forgotten, and doctor parachutists were often dropped. As crashed crews tramped back to base, rescue planes (rarely able to land in this difficult terrain) circled over them daily, dropping supplies and guiding them on the long trek home.

The round trip to China and back was 1,100 miles. Many men flew it two or three times a week, and on one exceptional day 565 sorties were flown. As the War progressed, the pace made itself felt in the Hump run. The Allied victories in North Burma enabled aircraft to take a lower, southerly route, and 13,000 feet became the regular altitude for the mountain crossing on the newer, safer line. Over the Hump No. 52 squadron of the R.A.F. operated daily for eighteen months, flying about 15,000 hours with the loss of only one aircraft. The last mission on this worst air journey in the world was flown on New Year's Eve, 1945, by Dakotas of R.A.F. Transport Command, the American service having ended the previous September.

The end of the War made the southern route into China possible, and the saga of the Hump was closed. It had been no blind, unplanned battering at difficulties. Those who blazed this trail had been forced, by reason of enemy aircraft, to risk all on that route which meant registering a height of 17,000 feet and combating weather as bad as was to be found. But when the Burma victories brought a change for the better, those who planned the airway charted the new and somewhat safer line. On this lesser climb the Dakotas crossed the mountains at the more reasonable altitude of 13,000 feet. Even so the journey was no joy-ride for aircrews when at last the R.A.F. closed the Hump route.



ON AN ASSAM AIRFIELD a lorry load of material is being transferred to a U.S. Transport Command plane, for carriage over the Himalayan peaks to distant China. Always the air-crews were faced with the possibilities of having to bale out suddenly over wild country, and of risk of destruction by violent storms prevalent along the route. *Photo, Sport & General*

IN the end, however, the ferrying of the Himalayas had become so comparatively safe that a three-year-old girl, Wendy Earl, daughter of a British missionary freed from a Japanese internment camp, was flown over the Hump to Calcutta by Pilot-Officer Peter Kearvell. Wendy Earl symbolized the new era of achievement, the conquest of one of Nature's last fastnesses.

Fine Record of Our Colonial Troops from Africa

By MAJ.-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES GWYNN
K.C.B., D.S.O.

I DOUBT if the part taken by the troops drawn from our East and West African Colonies is sufficiently appreciated. That is hardly surprising, because there were no war correspondents specially assigned to record their achievements. In the Journal of the Royal African Society (October 1945) Mr. E. E. Sabben-Clare, a Tanganyika District Officer, has, however, given a comprehensive review of the services rendered by the African Divisions in Asia and of the circumstance of their formation. I frankly acknowledge that in this present article I depend mainly on the information he gives.

It is, I think, generally well known that normally no British units are stationed in our East and West African Colonies, and that what might be called the garrisons responsible for local defence and internal security are provided in the main by the King's African Rifles and the Royal West African Frontier Force respectively. Under pre-war conditions these had rather the character of a military police and were composed chiefly of lightly armed infantry units commanded and trained by British officers assisted by a small number of British non-commissioned officers.

Together they numbered about 20,000 men, and although they had rendered conspicuous service in Africa they had practically never been used outside it. In the Abyssinian campaign they had shown themselves more than a match for the best Italian troops, but until after the fall of Gondar the question of using African troops in Asia against the Japanese was not raised, and it was with some hesitation that the decision to do so was taken. The African is liable to home-sickness and is never happy for long when removed far from his family, and finding officers and N.C.O. instructors accustomed to deal with Africans for a force of the size needed was a problem.

WEST AFRICAN WARRIOR, armed with a machete as used on night patrols in Burma. Appreciation of the War services of such well-trained men is expressed in this page. *Photo, British Official*

EAST African Troops in Ceylon and West Africans in Burma

Furthermore, the African recruited from primitive surroundings and ignorant of any language but his own reputedly took long to train, yet obviously many new recruits would be required ; and to meet the Japanese, then at the height of their reputation as jungle-fighters, a high standard of training was essential in a force which would have to be composed of all arms. Nevertheless, when we became engaged in two wars no source of fighting material could be neglected, and early in 1942 the first East African troops were dispatched to Ceylon.

West African troops could not, however, be spared until the Allied landing in North Africa removed the danger of attack from Vichy-controlled African territory. In the event, neither East nor West Africans were required on active fronts in Asia until the beginning of 1944, though one East African brigade took part in the Madagascar landing and stayed for some time on garrison duties.

Early in 1943, as all danger in Africa had passed, it was decided to use a considerable African force in Asia. The East African contingent in Ceylon was increased to a division, and two independent E.A. brigades were formed later. A West African force of two divisions was, in the middle of the year, sent to Burma, the 81st W.A.D. being the first of the African contingents to come into action. This Division, less one brigade, operated on the Arakan front and advanced into the Kaladan Valley in order to draw off Japanese forces which might threaten the main force moving towards Akyab. Supplied entirely by air it took six weeks, cutting a track 150 miles long, to admit the passage of its guns and motor vehicles before emerging into flats round Kyauktaw.

There it took the dominating Pagoda Hill, but, ordered to demonstrate still farther south towards Akyab, only a small party of E.A. scouts attached to the Division was left to hold Pagoda Hill, and this the Japanese by a characteristic outflanking counter-stroke overran without difficulty. The main army nearer the coast had also by this time been heavily counter-attacked and held up. The Division was therefore forced to retire and fought its way back during the remainder of the dry season, often under difficult conditions, almost to its original starting-point.

Meanwhile, the third brigade of the Division had been trained as airborne troops and been chosen to form part of the long-range penetration group co-operating with General Stilwell's force. It was a strange experience for men, many of whom in Africa had never seen aircraft. With the Chindits the brigade took part in many engagements, and acquitted themselves with great credit.

IN 1944 the 11th E.A. Division also came into action. After completing its training in Ceylon it had been transferred to Chittagong in Assam, and from there, in August, it was flown to the Manipur front to take part in the counter-offensive while the monsoon was at its height. Here it became the spearhead of the attack in the Tamu area. In appalling weather it fought its way down the Kabaw Valley and captured Kalewa on the Chindwin, where it established the bridge-head over the river from which the main advance into northern Burma started. This, by general consent, was an exceptionally brilliant operation, for the Kalewa Valley presented many difficulties. On completion of its task the 11th E.A. Division was relieved by the 20th Indian Division.

Meanwhile, the 81st W.A. Division had again taken the offensive in Arakan. In September 1944 it once more advanced into the Kaladan Valley, this time, however, with porters replacing motor vehicles which had proved entirely unsuitable to the conditions. The Division gained much in mobility by the change and manoeuvred the Japanese out of prepared positions by outflanking movements directed against their communications.

There was some hard fighting in January 1945 about Kyauktaw, and after some further successes the Division at the end of the month was relieved by the 82nd W.A. Division, which had arrived in India during 1944. This Division continued the advance southward, outflanking and harassing the rear of the Japanese who were attempting to prevent the series of amphibious attacks by which new air bases along the Arakan coast were being secured.

In the amphibious operation which captured Ramree Island one of the two additional East African brigades which had arrived during 1944 took part, while the other helped to clear the area west of the Chindwin. By this time the African troops in Burma numbered 120,000 men, one-tenth of the whole army employed there. It will be seen that they had taken an important share in the actual fighting, and in addition they had rendered valuable service in the rearward organizations of the army.

PROUD of Their Service Awards and "Mentions"

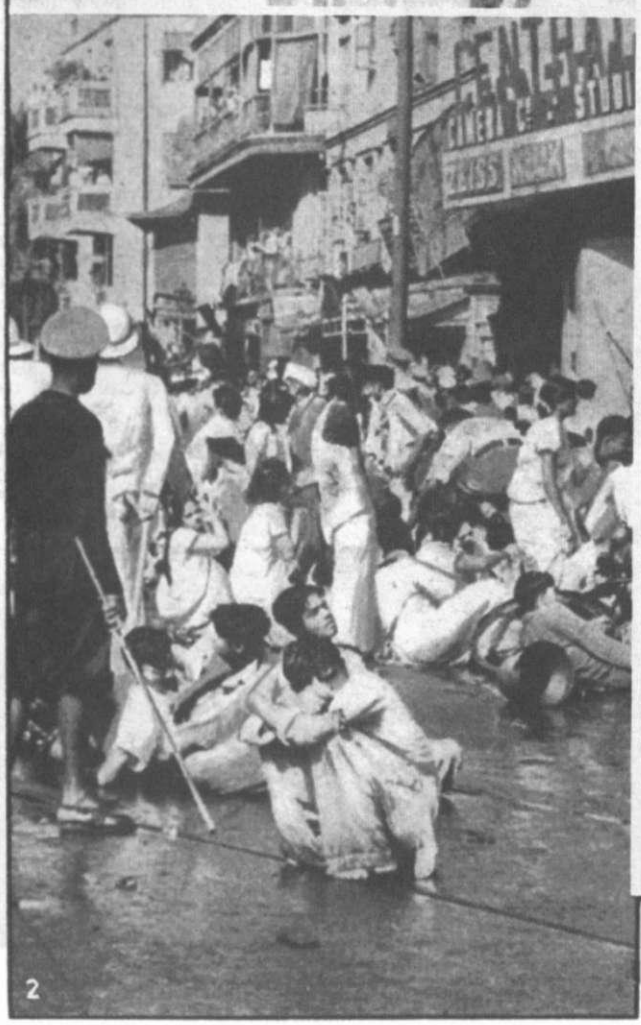
To meet the great expansion of the original military forces of the African Colonies it had, of course, been necessary to extend the area of recruitment to sections of the population, sometimes the most primitive, that had never before been tapped. For example, the tribes of southern Nigeria contributed their quota, though formerly the R.W.A.F.F. had been recruited from the reputedly martial and more advanced peoples of the northern districts ; yet the new material to a surprising degree lent itself to training.

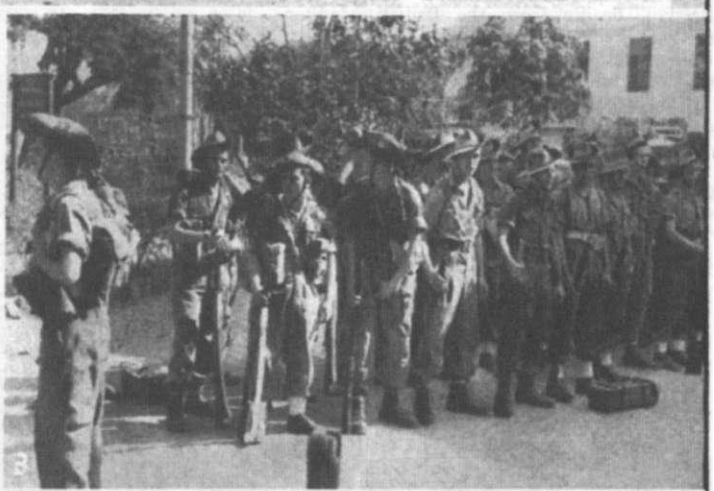
THE difficulty of finding officers familiar with African mentality was in the first instance met by drawing heavily on those employed in Government service and private enterprises in the country. Northern and Southern Rhodesia and South Africa also made valuable contributions, but it became necessary to employ officers and N.C.O.s who had never before encountered Africans.

Considering the comparatively short period they were in action the casualties among African troops were considerable, though not excessive ; 1,544 were killed or died of wounds, 4,640 wounded and 328 missing—the last figure being surprisingly small. It may be thought that Africans would have been to some extent immune to malaria and would have stood the climate better than British or Indian troops ; but it was found that they had no advantage in this respect and, as in the case of other troops, they owed much to the medical service.

Africans may well be proud of the list (not yet complete) of the Service awards they received. To date it includes 15 B.E.M., 8 M.C., 15 D.C.M., 133 M.M., and 407 mentioned in dispatches, as well as a few still higher distinctions. On the whole, it is evident that the experiment of employing Africans in Asia justified itself. But perhaps the experiment cannot be considered complete until it is seen how the returning troops will be able to readapt themselves to their African surroundings.

Turbulent Factions in India Call for Restraint





MOB VIOLENCE IN BOMBAY resulted in casualties among supporters of mutineers of the Royal Indian Navy on February 19-20, 1946, when they clashed with British troops called out to restore order: Army trucks patrolling the streets (1). The scene after police had charged demonstrating students (2) during the birthday celebrations of Chandra Bose, former head of the "Government of Free India," on January 23. Troops (3) preparing to meet rioters, and later (4) deployed across a street.

Turkey's Wartime Aid to the Allies

By
FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

THROUGHOUT the critical days when our armies were fighting to retain their foothold on the borders of Egypt, while our fleet with difficulty held its own against superior enemy forces in the Mediterranean, Turkey was in an exceedingly awkward position. Her tradition of friendship with this country, so rudely broken in 1914, had been renewed under the rule of Kemal Ataturk.

Every effort was made by the Germans, Italians and Japanese to persuade Turkey that the cause of the Allies was a hopeless one, and that her only chance of survival was to throw in her lot with the Axis. In spite of this ceaseless cajolery, the Turkish Government remained steadfast in its attitude of benevolent neutrality towards Britain—a much more useful line of conduct than open alliance, for which the armaments at Turkey's disposal were quite inadequate. Indeed, it would have suited Germany well at one stage to have been able to treat Turkey as an enemy, as it would have given her the opportunity of occupying further Aegean bases.

In 1914 Turkey had been placed in an even more difficult position. At the outbreak of war on August 4, the political situation in Constantinople was very unsettled. A weak Government was being pressed by a strong opposition, known as the Young Turk party, to side with the Germans; but this pressure was resisted until the German warships Goeben and Breslau, fleeing from the British Mediterranean Fleet under Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne, entered the Dardanelles on August 10, and were permitted to anchor.

It was then arranged that the two ships should be sold to Turkey, but the transfer of ownership remained little more than nominal, as the German officers and men remained on board both ships. Though the Government still strove to cling to a semblance of neutrality, the decision was taken out of their hands when Russia declared war upon Turkey at the end of October. All the Allied Ambassadors quitted Constantinople on November 1, and two days later the British fleet proceeded to bombard the forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles.

One of the contributory factors in swaying the Turkish decision is known to have been the requisitioning by the Admiralty of two battleships (renamed Agincourt and Erin) and four destroyers, which were building in British yards for the Turkish Navy. Though a clause in the builders' contracts justified this measure, Turkish opinion took the view that such action should not have been taken without preliminary negotiation. In fact, the purchase of the Goeben and Breslau was held to be excused by the need for replacing these battleships and destroyers. A similar situation might well have arisen in the war which has lately concluded. There were building in British yards in 1939 four destroyers, four submarines and two small minelayers, all of which might have been requisitioned perfectly legally had the Admiralty followed the precedent of 1914. Instead, the question was opened through diplomatic channels, as a result of which the Turkish naval authorities proved willing to take a reasonable view of the matter. It being clear that British need for ships was fully as great as in the previous war, there was no difficulty in arriving at a compromise which proved satisfactory to both countries. Naturally, the enemy could only guess at the arrangement ultimately reached.

This was that Turkey should take delivery in due course of two of the destroyers, the Demirhisar and Sultanhisar, and the two little minelayers Sivrihisar and Yuzbasi Hakki. The remaining six vessels were all placed at the disposal of the Royal Navy for the duration of hostilities.

ESCORT Duties From Gibraltar to Malta Under Heavy Fire

The destroyer Muavenet, when she was completed in January 1942, became H.M.S. Inconstant, and two months later her sister ship, the Gayret, was commissioned as H.M.S Ithuriel. The submarines were the Oruc Reis, Murat Reis, Burak Reis and Uluc Ali Reis, all named after Turkish admirals. They became H.M. submarines P.611, 612, 614 and 615 respectively. All six units were built by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs, Ltd., at Barrow-in-Furness.

Both the destroyers figured in Admiralty communiqués in the course of the War. The Inconstant engaged a U-boat which attacked a convoy under her escort off Algiers in 1943, and succeeded in destroying the enemy submarine. And in August of the preceding year the Ithuriel was one of the ships under Vice-Admiral Sir Neville Syfret that escorted a convoy from Gibraltar to Malta in the face of savage attacks from enemy submarines and aircraft. In the course of this operation the Ithuriel rammed and sank the Italian submarine Cobalto.

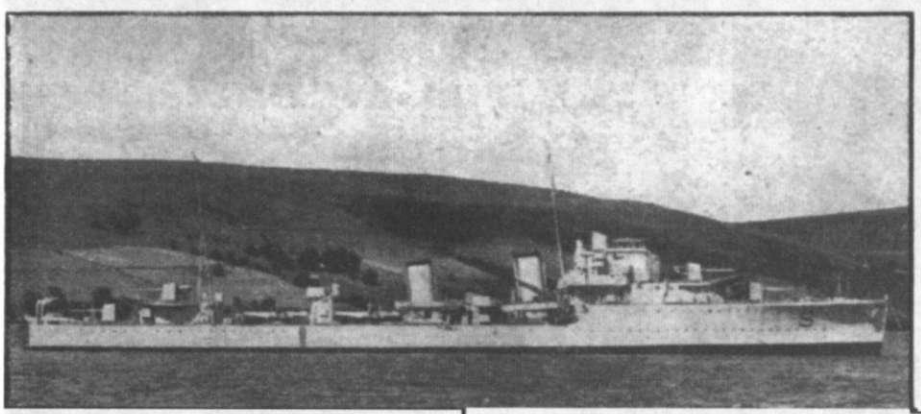
No particulars of the activities of the four submarines have so far been released. P.615 was unfortunate, being sunk by a U-boat off Freetown on April 18, 1943, but the other three survived the war and have since been handed over to the Turkish Navy. It is understood that a British submarine is to be given to Turkey in replacement of the P.615, and that she will be given the name Uluc Ali Reis in memory of the lost vessel.

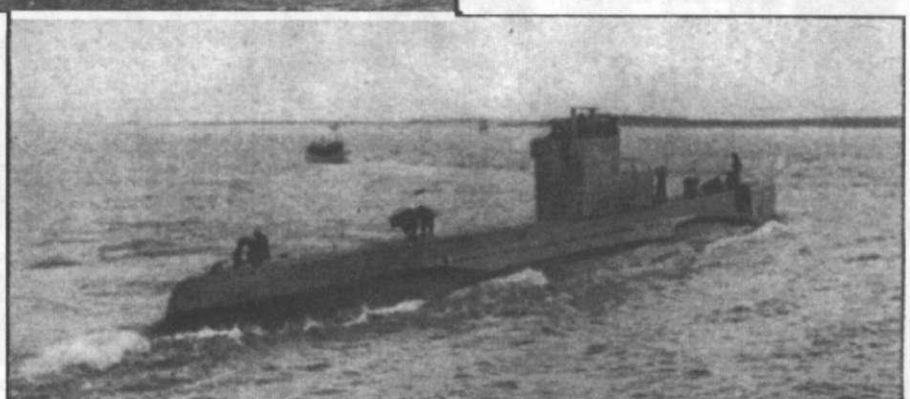
INVALUABLE Assistance Against the Germans in the Dodecanese

With due ceremony the Inconstant (now again the Muavenet) hoisted the Turkish colours at Istanbul on March 7; but the Ithuriel had received extensive damage through striking a mine, and has therefore been sold for breaking up, and another destroyer, H.M.S. Oribi, has been assigned to the Turkish Navy in her stead. The latter is somewhat bigger than the Ithuriel, having a displacement of 1,540 tons against the latters' 1,360 tons, but they are similarly armed, each mounting four 4·7-in. guns.

This, of course, by no means completes the record of aid furnished by Turkey during the War. When the first abortive attempt was being made to drive the Germans out of the Dodecanese Islands in the closing months of 1943, Turkish assistance was invaluable. Our warships and supply vessels made use when necessary of Turkey's territorial waters in the sure knowledge that, whatever diplomatic protest might be made, no solid hindrances would be placed in their way. After the enterprise had clearly failed of its object, British and Greek troops in Samos were able to withdraw through Turkish territory.

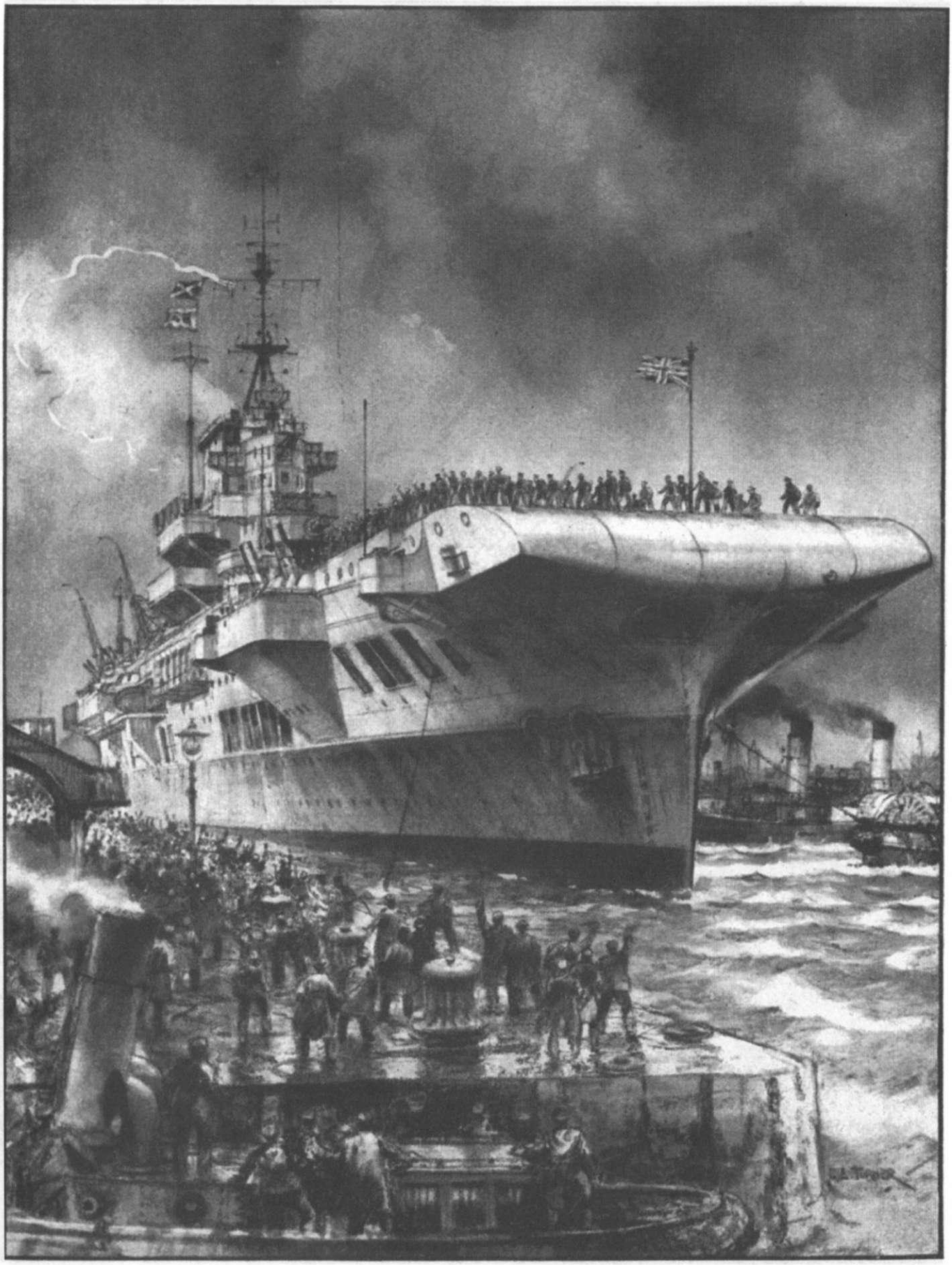
During the British advance into Syria the resistance of the Vichy forces was limited by the fact that they were unable to obtain supplies or sympathy from Turkey; and when a number of small craft and auxiliaries took refuge in Turkish waters after the collapse of armed resistance, these ships were promptly interned. Two were taken over by the Turkish Navy, but one of these, the oiler Adour, has now hoisted the Tricolour again. In the Turkish Navy especially, sympathies have always been strongly with this country, which in the past has repeatedly furnished it with its best ships and with the services of officers for training purposes.





TURKISH SUBMARINE Murat Reis (above) served during the War as H.M. Submarine P.612. The destroyer Sultanhisar (top), is a sister ship of the Muavenet which served with the Royal Navy as H.M.S. Inconstant for the duration of hostilities. Both the Muavenet and the P.612 have now gone back to Turkey.

Momentous Homecoming of H.M.S. Formidable



THIS 23,000-TON AIRCRAFT CARRIER arrived at Portsmouth on February 5, 1946, from the Far East, with the paying-off pennant flying from her mast-head. The enthusiasm of those greeting her from the shore is matched by her homecoming company. The Formidable left England in September 1944, and the following May fought off a Japanese air attack but was hit and set on fire. It was from her flight-deck that the first British carrier-borne aircraft attacked the Jap mainland. See also illus. page 480.

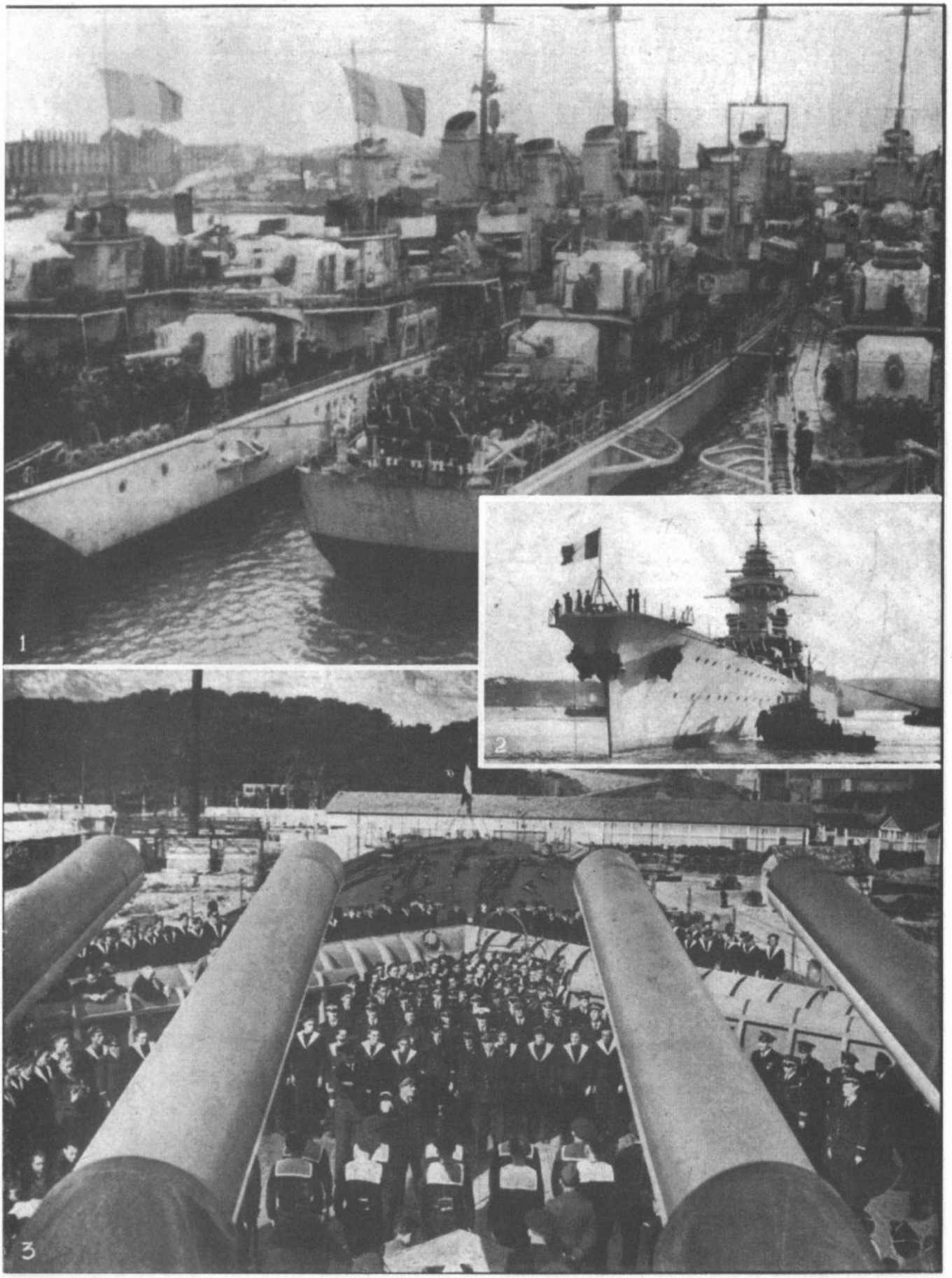
Drawing by C. E. Turner, by courtesy of The Illustrated London News

Ex-German Warships Sail for Soviet Ports

UNDER RUSSIAN COMMAND, units of the German fleet concentrate at Kiel preparatory to leaving for ports in the U.S.S.R., in fulfilment of the Potsdam Agreement. They comprised three small destroyers, the cruiser Nurnberg (1), of 6,000 tons, the battleship Hessen, built in 1903 and now a wireless controlled target ship (2), and the naval depot ship Otto Wunsche, German members of whose crew are seen leaving (3). The torpedo boat Blitz, which operated as control vessel of the Hessen, built in 1910, was included.

Photos, British Official

France's Navy is Coming into Its Own Again



FROM BRITAIN'S SHARE OF THE GERMAN FLEET, eight destroyers of four different types were handed over to the French, in a gesture of friendship, at Cherbourg, on Feb. 4, 1946. The Tricolour flies from their mastheads during the ceremony (1). At Toulon, scene of the scuttling of the French Fleet on Nov. 27, 1942, the Richelieu (2), returned from the Far East, was in Feb. 1946 awarded the Croix de Guerre by Admiral Lemonnier who is seen (3) conducting the investiture on board, when he also decorated 80 officers and ratings.

Photos, Keystone, Planet News

U.S. 8th Army Air Force Says Goodbye to Us

"OLD GLORY" COMES DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME at Honington, Suffolk, only remaining airfield in Britain occupied by the famous U.S. 8th A.A.F. The airfield was handed back to the R.A.F. on Feb. 26, 1946, when a simple ceremony was attended by Air-Marshal Sir James Robb, C.-in-C. R.A.F. Fighter Command, and General Emil Kiel, last commander of the 8th A.A.F. in England, seen shaking hands (inset), and (above) saluting the American flag as it is hauled down to be replaced by that of the R.A.F.

Photos, P.A.-Reuter

Limbless Ex-Servicemen Now Walk—and Work

Miracles of artificial limb-fitting are being performed at the Roehampton, Leeds and other centres, so that even those who have lost both arms and both legs become not only thoroughly self-reliant but skilled and employable again. Photographs in this and the two following pages were specially taken to illustrate this article by FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

A FEELING of immense pity surges up when first you enter a "limb-centre." How could it be otherwise when you see a young man with both arms, both legs and an eye gone, trying to play the piano with artificial limbs; an armless man learning to shave himself again; a legless one taking his first uncertain steps with a wheelbarrow?

I, with my two legs and two arms, felt self-conscious walking behind the day's quota of new arrivals—a boy of twelve who lost a leg to the Luftwaffe, a girl armaments worker who lost a hand when a faulty fuse exploded, and a score of ex-Servicemen returning to the limb-centre for further fittings. But long before you leave Roehampton or the Leeds Limb-fitting Centre, or those at Glasgow and Cardiff and elsewhere, the pity gives place to a certain knowledge that these who are maimed have a future to look forward to.

"Once they leave us they're able to fend for themselves," I was told at Roehampton. And after a day spent there, and another at Leeds among 400 men with half the requisite number of limbs, I can confirm that, given a chance by employers, the maimed can make a living.

By way of example, take the case of five armless men who left the Leeds centre together: all are in full employment; two of the quintet have earned three increments, and one, Sergeant W. Edwards of Rochdale, is a sparetime gym instructor.

He Now Shaves Without Arms

It must be stressed that the limb-centres have no part in giving the maimed a trade. Their sole purpose is to fit the armless and the legless with limbs and train them in their use. And in this they are doing magnificent work. But much depends on the man himself. "We can give him arms and legs that work," I was told, "but he's got to have the will to win through, like that fellow over there—from Tobruk. Ask him if you can light his cigarette."

Diffidently, I proffer help, and receive the reply: "No, thanks. I've got to learn to use these—er—things." The lad from Tobruk held a matchbox in a steel hand resembling a large paper-clip and a match that kept dropping from another metal "grip." He found it difficult to pick up the match because he had yet to learn how to use his hinged legs. But he said: "I'm learning fast, thanks."

WHEN possible, surgeons remove limbs at points suited to the wearing of artificial attachments. Recovered, and fitted for a limb at the centre, the soldier or civilian awaits the arrival of his new arm and/or leg. Then it is that the testing time arrives. Manipulation of the new attachment raises the old, hankering question: "Will I be able to earn a living?"

Many a man breaks down under the test; and it needs constant encouragement on the instructor's part to build up the will to win through. The case of an ex-soldier with both arms and legs and one eye missing illustrates this point. He learned to dress himself, use knife and fork, saw wood, wield a cricket bat, and type. When he faltered, the instructor was at his side: "If I can work a farm and run a pub in my spare time with one arm, you can shave yourself—arms or no arms." He shaved himself. He learned to dig, and play billiards. He was doing well, had confidence in his "attachments." Play the piano? Of course he could. His artificial legs controlled the pedals, the steel "fingers" of his right hand ran along the keys after a little practice, and those of his left hand were soon almost as good as his right.

But, blind on his left side, he could not see all the keys properly. Here was something he could not do; what else would he find to be too much for him? This small defeat threatened his whole future, until the instructor made the suggestion that he should

USING MALLET AND CHISEL with an artificial left arm presents few difficulties to this ex-Serviceman at Roehampton.
Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

sit sideways at the keys. A few hours later he was playing jazz; and today he is in full employment.

While I listened to this tale my eyes followed a young man wearing an artificial arm for the first time. Like a child with a new toy he moved from one thing to another. He used a hammer, plugged another attachment into the wrist socket and wheeled a barrow. The sink caught his eye and he washed a perfectly clean hand. With successive attachments he wielded a cricket bat, typed, planed a block of wood, slipped a few essential attachments into a suitcase, clipped his "dress" hand into the wrist-socket and went to his quarters.

Given careful selection of employment, the limbless can attain one hundred per cent efficiency. There is an instance where an employer refused the application of a legless arc-welder, with only one thumb and finger, for a change of employment—on the grounds that he was doing such highly skilled work that he could not be replaced. The armless are holding down jobs on their merits as precision instrument makers, capstan operatives and machinists; they are to be found in stamping mills, aircraft factories and spinning mills.

This is made possible by advances in limb design. Following the First Great War, many an ex-soldier put his artificial limb away in a drawer and went on the dole. Today, leather-and-metal legs contain knee mechanisms that return a flexed limb with every step, permitting ease of movement, even grace of movement.

Making 9,000 Limbs a Year

Artificial arms weigh only 3½ lb., yet offer a wide range of movement and considerable strength. At the Leeds Limb Centre, the instructor crooked his arm and said: "Tug at it; no, not like that, *tug!*" It remained as rigid as a wall. The socket and shoulder-harness remained firm, and there was no "give" in the elbow mechanism. The latter, fitted with a metal lever, is operated by a strap passing across the shoulder muscles. Flexed, they tauten the strap and release the lever; relaxed, the lever locks the elbow in whatever position the wearer favours for the moment.

A certalmid hand (made of waxed linen for lightness) for "dress" purposes and a set of "working appliances" complete the arm. The latter are designed for specific purposes. The "hook" is the general purpose attachment, but a wide range of "grips" are at the wearer's disposal.

In 1939, some 300 employees (many of them limbless), at one of the Roehampton limb-factories, turned out 5,000 limbs annually and repaired 55,000. Today, with the hospitals gradually emptying, the demand is mostly for "first limbs"; and the legless supervisor (one would never imagine him to be limbless) told me that the factory employs well over 500 trained men with an annual production of 9,000 limbs from adult to the number one child's size.

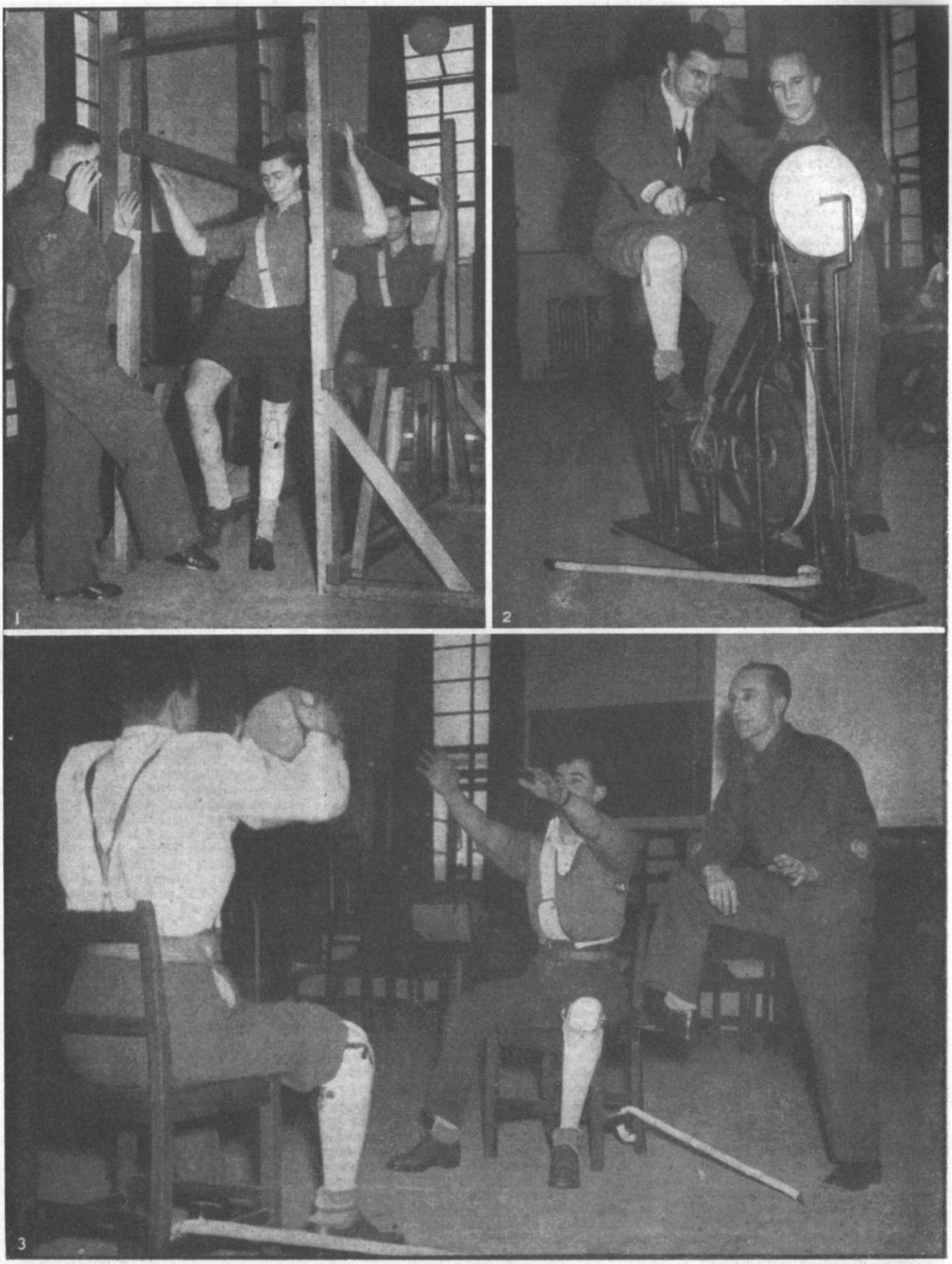
LIMBLESS children offer perhaps the saddest aspect of total war. But when amputation does not impair physical health the legless or armless child need never be a charge on the State. At Roehampton I saw a cine-film of legless children riding bicycles, somersaulting, romping like any ordinary youngsters. Indeed, it would have been hard to believe that they wore man-made legs but for the fact that they wore specially short trousers for the occasion. Surgeons from the Dominions, America and every one of the liberated European countries, who visit Roehampton to study a department of healing which is more advanced in Britain than in any other country, have seen this film.

Hope in the Future is Reborn

Meanwhile, at the limb-centres new arrivals are being told: "You can do it, but it depends on you. We can give you limbs, but YOU have to win through with them." Determination is built up by alternately encouraging and shaming the faltering man to try again. And, with success, hope in the future is reborn to blossom into certainty when the limbless man or woman walks out of the centre, certalmid hand holding a suitcase.

Therein are the "working fingers." The legless need no help in boarding train or bus taking them home. The armless need no help in opening the suitcase, placing the shaving "grips" in the bathroom, the hair-brush "grips" on the dressing-table, those for eating in the sideboard, and those for work in valise or tool-bag. All they want now, these men and women with man-made limbs, is for employers to give them the chance of proving their worth.

At Roehampton Disabilities Are Surmounted—



IN THE GYMNASIUM at the Roehampton hospital for Servicemen who have been fitted with an artificial limb, or limbs (see page 747), walking rails (1) assist the patient in the early stages of recovery to acquire confidence and ease of leg movement. Progress in correct and comfortable manipulation of the artificial leg is ensured through exercise on a stationary cycle (2). To strengthen muscles weakened by operations and lengthy bedridden periods, medicine ball practice (3) is carried out.

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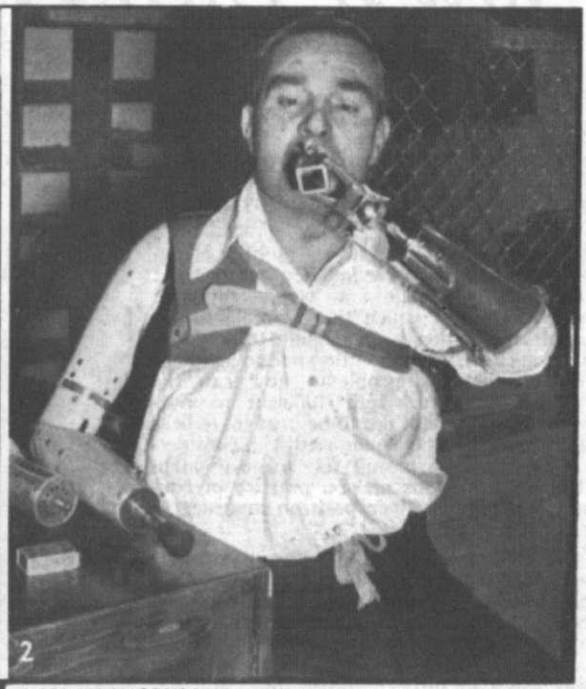
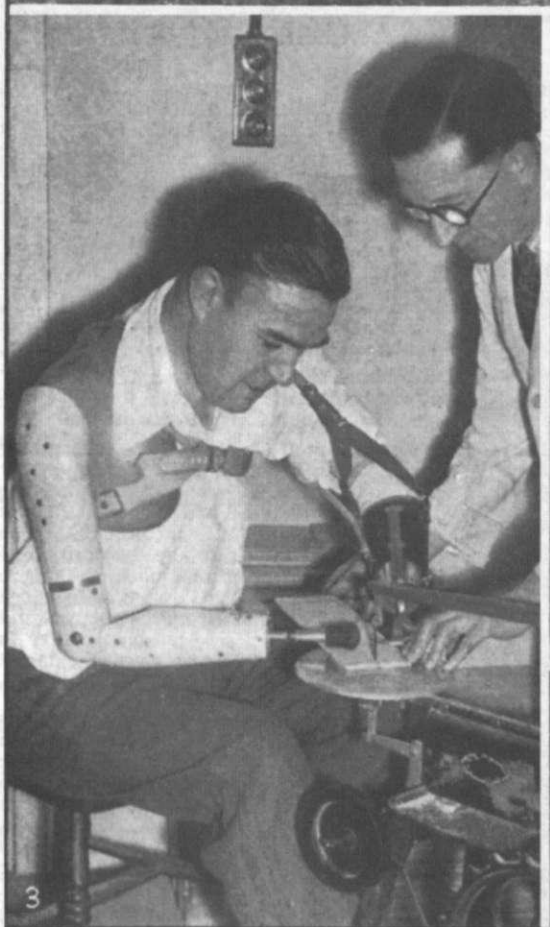
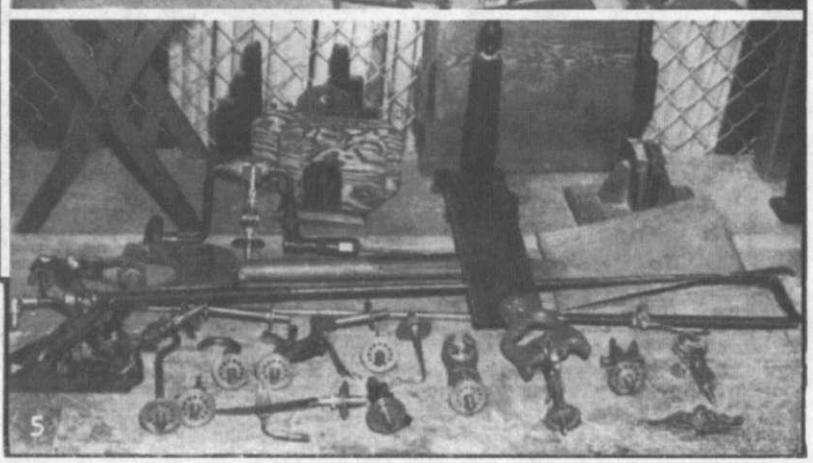
—and Occupational Skill Triumphantly Regained



HIGHLY INGENIOUS DEVICES easily clipped to artificial arms enable pleasures and pastimes to be indulged in with little restriction. Even the more strenuous forms of gardening (1) are successfully attended to, and smoking a cigarette in the hospital workshop (2) call for no assistance.





USE OF A FRETWORK MACHINE is possible to a trainee lacking both arms (3) when patient instruction is combined with special limb-attachments and a strong desire to overcome the disability. The handling of a plane (4), demanding considerable dexterity, is well within the bounds of possibility, opening up prospects of carpentry as a trade when the trainee commences again to earn a living. A considerable range of special attachments (5) is available at the hospital. See also illus. pages 495-498.

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Now It Can Be Told!

HOW RADAR HELPED OUR FIELD ARTILLERY

A CONSIDERABLE amount of publicity has been given to radar as used for anti-aircraft purposes. It is now possible to reveal how the Ministry of Supply Radar Research and Development Establishment (known as R.R.D.E.) at Malvern found even further uses for it.

In both Great Wars a vast number of the casualties suffered were inflicted by mortars: those highly mobile and very formidable weapons against which the trench, wall, or usual cover, affords inadequate protection. To beat the mortar a solution had to be found to the following problem: how can the mortars be spotted with sufficient accuracy and speed to enable fire to be brought to bear on them before they are moved? In considering the problem it must be borne in mind that mortar teams make a practice of constantly changing their position in order to confuse the other side.

It was only when the War was in its fourth year that the old methods of locating, based on sound-ranging or actual visual spotting, began to be superseded. Existing methods were successful only under very favourable conditions and did not, therefore, by a long way solve the problem; with the result that mortar casualties remained high. Then radar became a decisive factor in the fight, locating mortars with such accuracy and speed that gun-fire could be brought down on the target within a very short time of the first mortar bombs falling.

Difficulty Cleverly Solved

It had been found during research that some radar sets were able to "see" mortar bombs in the same way that aircraft could be "seen." Thus, when the bomb passed through the radar beam its trajectory could be plotted and its point of origin determined. Work was urgently undertaken at R.R.D.E. by the scientists, R. G. Friend, G. H. Beeching and C. G. Tilley, on the adaptation of existing anti-aircraft radar to this use.

There was, however, one especial difficulty: owing to the limitations to vision caused by hills, etc., it was not possible for a radar set to "see" the bomb during the early part of its flight, and therefore the plot excluded the vital portion. An ingenious way round this difficulty was found by R. I. B. Cooper and W. T. Stone, who produced a device for attachment to the radar which gave location to a high degree of accuracy. A gallant attempt was made by D. R. Chick, of R.R.D.E., to produce a highly mobile equipment especially for this role. Bad luck at the end of the European war defeated the attempt, but development still continues.

The difficulty of detecting the movement of enemy vehicles and troops by night or in fog without making use of lights or flares has, to a certain extent, been overcome by radar equipment of special design. This equipment, designed by C. A. Walley, working under E. W. Chivers and Dr. A. E. Kempton, is fully mobile. It is capable of detecting the movement of vehicles, trains and bodies of troops at very considerable distances.

Warning to operators of any movement is given by a note on a loudspeaker. It is easy to imagine the effect of such a set had it been produced in time to watch certain road junctions during the liberation of France. Immediately the enemy began to move by night, a heavy and accurate concentration of fire would have descended upon them, making movement impossible.

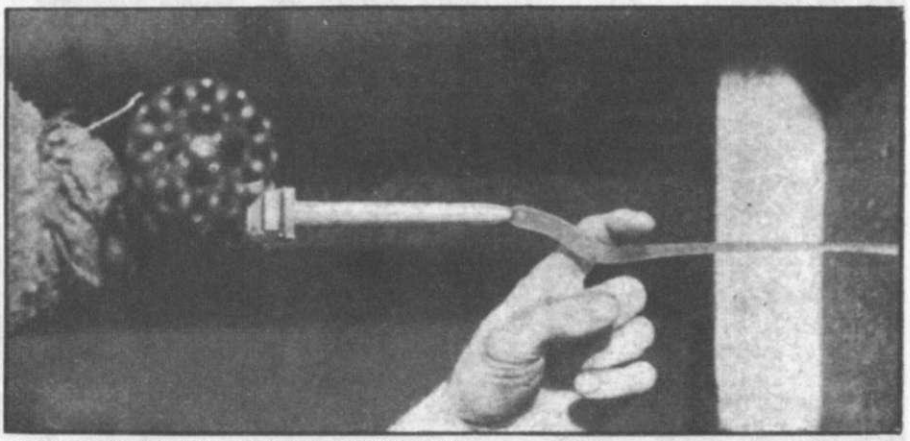
When guns are bombarding small targets it is necessary for an observing officer, in a position well forward of the guns, to correct the fire by visually observing the fall of the shells on the ground. It is not difficult to realize that this method of controlling fire is impossible in darkness, fog and bad visibility, with the result that in these conditions shells cannot be corrected.

The Enemy Were Astonished

Dr. Kempton and F. J. M. Farley set to work on this problem, and radar equipment can now, in certain circumstances, take the place of the observer, inasmuch as it enables the radar operators to see on the cathode ray tube both the target and the position of the fall of the shell in relation to the target. From this information correction to range and line can be applied, until the target and the fall of the shell are seen on the tube to coincide—in other words, when the target is actually being hit.

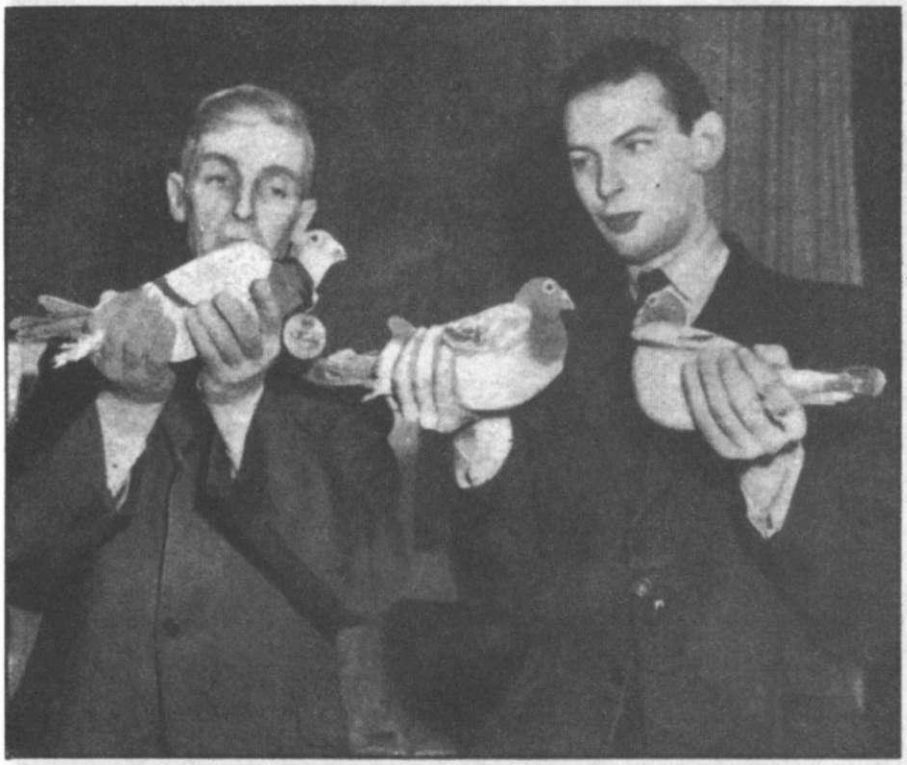
As in the case of all radar, equipment is not handicapped by darkness and fog. On occasions during the War the enemy were astonished to find themselves subjected to heavy gun-fire which had obviously been "corrected" on to the target, when it was impossible for any observer to see more than a few yards. They did not know that the correction was being made by the use of radar.

It is interesting to note that the major part of these developments arose from the use of radar in a role for which it had not been originally designed. Such is the flexibility of modern radar equipment that it has been possible, by close co-operation between the Research Establishment at Malvern and Army users, to adapt existing sets for new roles as an interim measure in the field, while special equipment is still under development.



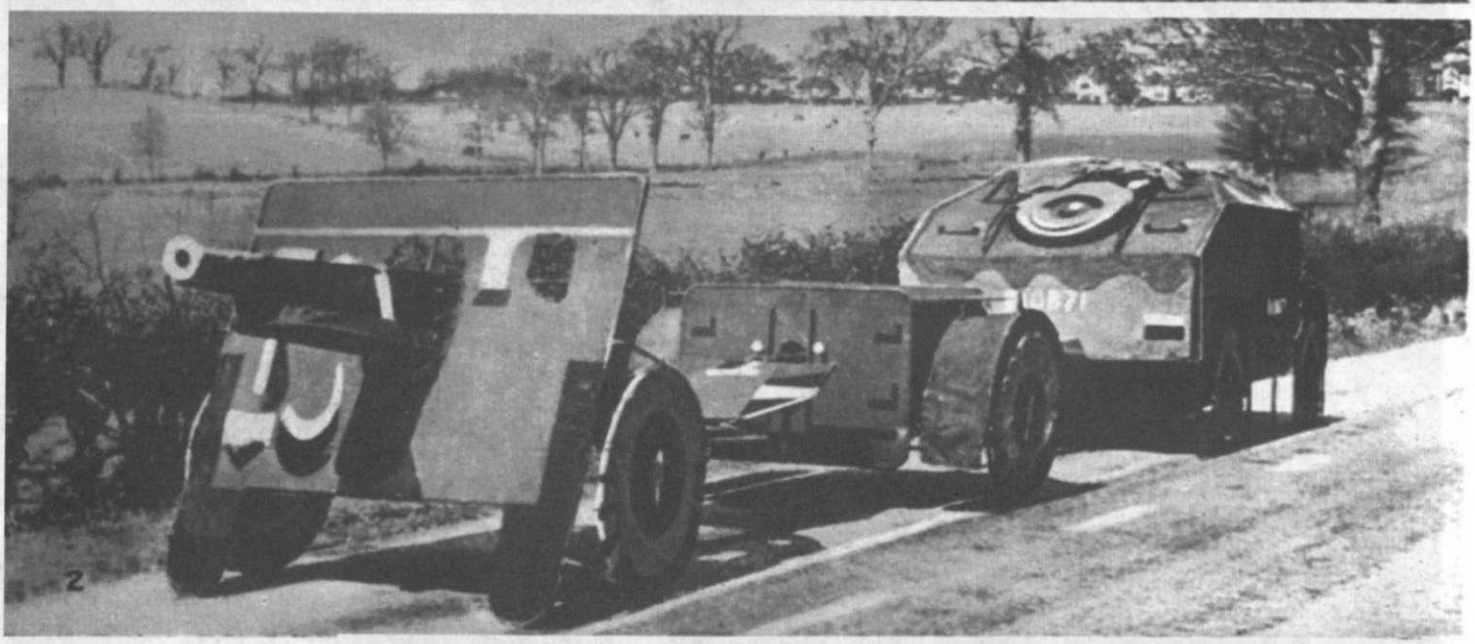
DRAGON'S BREATH—FLAME-THROWER FUEL was one of the most remarkable wartime discoveries made by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. A liquid, it becomes almost solid in air, and can be diverted, as seen above, without breaking the jet. It can be shot as far again as any other flame-thrower fuel and five times as much can be deposited on the target. **See also illus. page 612, Vol. 8.**

Photo, British Official



AWARD OF THE DICKIN MEDAL TO "TOMMY" revealed how this pigeon was found exhausted in Holland, having gone off its course during a race in England. A Dutch patriot kept the carrier bird until he acquired military information; this he attached to its leg, and released it. The pigeon arrived home in Lancashire on August 19, 1942, the message proving of considerable value to the Authorities. Above, the owner of the bird, with its decoration, and the Dutch patriot with two pigeons presented to him by the R.A.F. **See also illus. page 696, Vol. 8.**

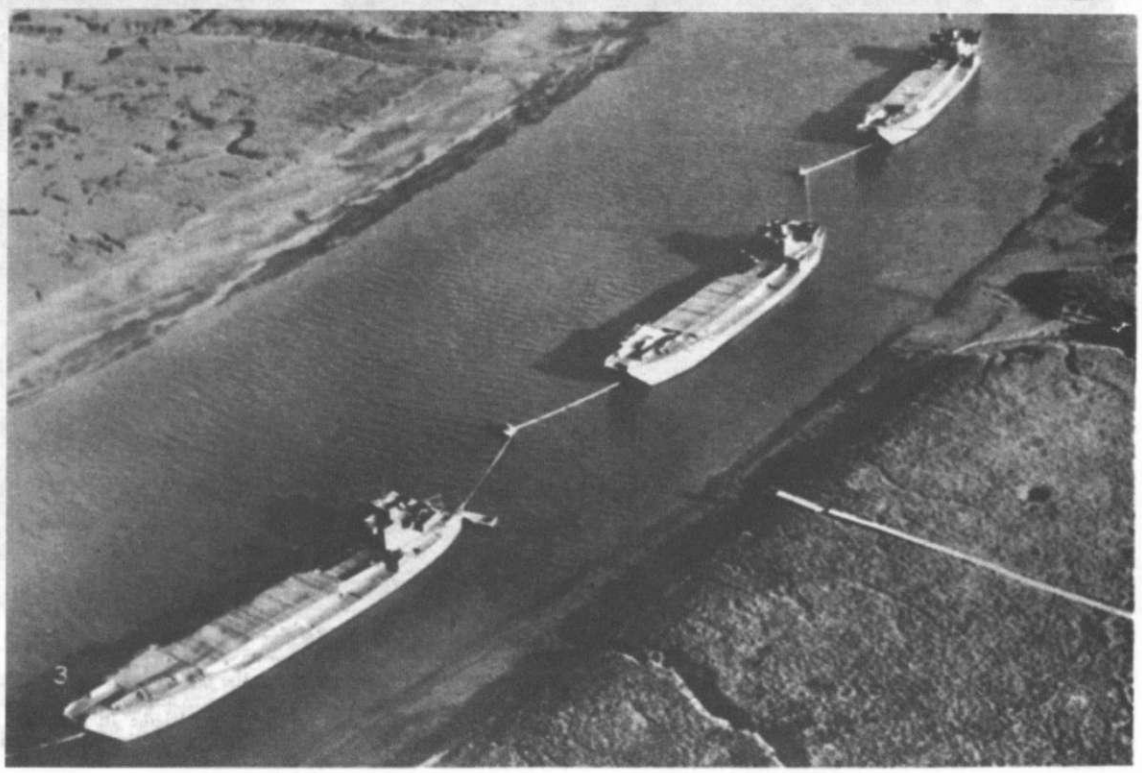
Photo, New York Times Photo

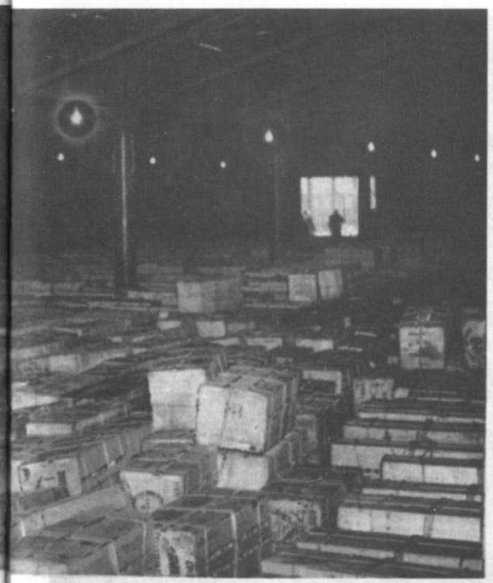


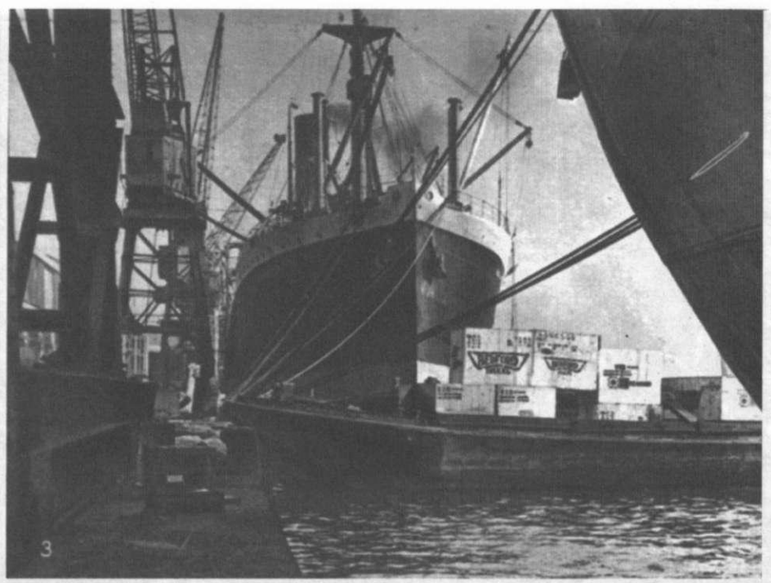
Decoys that Deceived the Enemy

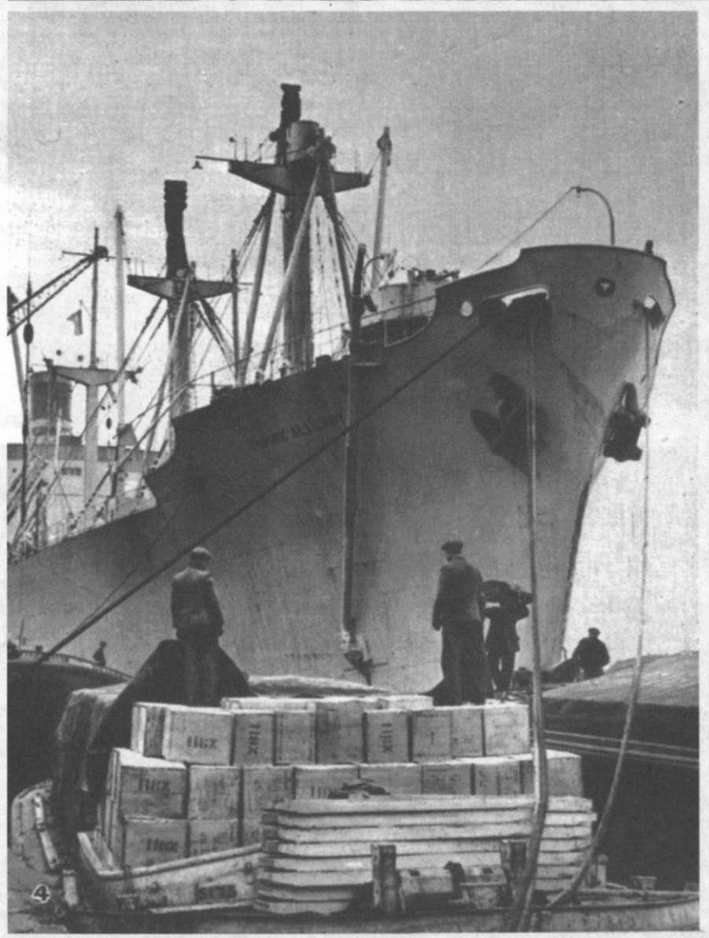
These British devices for tricking the enemy so impressed high-ranking U.S. officers that the Americans commenced manufacture of them on their own account. Pneumatic Sherman tanks and a lorry (1) designed to deceive the Germans at 500 yards; here they are seen at 120 yards. One could be packed into a holdall a little larger than a cricket-bag; inflated in five minutes to Sherman size it weighed only 170 lb., against the 35 tons of its metal counterpart. Special anchorages prevented displacement in high winds. Dummy 25-pounder gun, trailer and towing vehicle (2), rigid when erected, looked real at 500-1,000 yards. Fake L.C.T.s (3), 160 feet long, erected and launched in six hours, were used as a decoy in a South-East coast harbour when we were preparing for the invasion of the Continent.

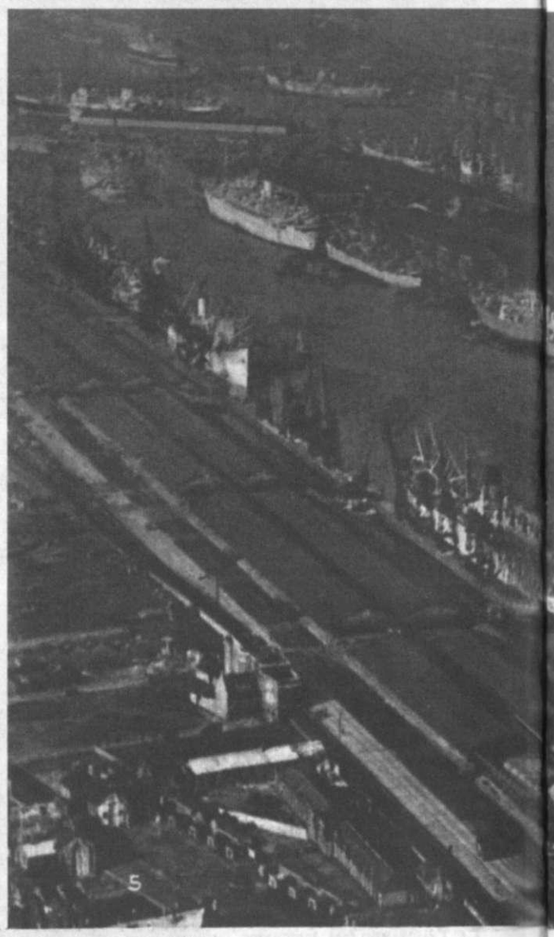
Photos, British Official











Our Merchant Navy Throngs With Every Tide—

Shackles and wounds of war not yet forgotten, men and ships serving under the old " Red Duster " are staging a magnificent peacetime come-back. At the Port of London 90,000 cases of Valencia oranges are seen (1) being unloaded, and (2) in the warehouse ready for distribution. Cars in increasing numbers are being exported : in the King George V Dock a lighter (3) loaded with motor vehicles in crates noses in between the Gleniffer, bound for the Far East, and the Gascony.

Photos, News Chronicle, Evening Standard, Fox, Keystone

—Through London's Gateway to the Seven Seas

Hub of the world's shipping, the Thames docks were on February 22, 1946, busy with the greatest number of ships—120—gathered there on any day since the War began. Tea, sufficient for two thousand million cups, constituting a record shipment, was brought to the West India Dock by the Empire Allenby : lighters (4) were landing the 106,778 chests on February 20. The King George V Dock (5), with long lines of vessels berthed for loading or discharging.

War's Ravages are Vanishing from Greece

Photos, Associated Press

The United Kingdom agreed on January 25, 1946, to provide from military stocks material for the repair of Greek land communications and the rebuilding of houses. Other material and transport are being supplied by U.N.R.R.A., but largely the reconstruction of a village depends on its inhabitants. Children shovel sand (1) for making plaster needed for the new school. Two peasants retile a cottage roof (2). The result of communal effort: a village completely restored (3).

"Carrier War"

Reviewed by
HAMILTON FYFE

FEW knew at the time how low our defensive strength had sunk after Dunkirk, but we have been told often enough since. Fewer still realized how weak the American Naval and Naval Air Forces were after Pearl Harbour, and not many here in Britain—perhaps not even in the United States—have yet come to a full realization of the immense effort that was required to overcome that weakness.

The most informing book on the subject that I have read appeared lately in New York, published by Simon and Schuster at $2.50. It is called Carrier War, and the writer, Lieut. Oliver Jensen, U.S.N.R., though he is concerned mostly with the war in the air, manages to give a comprehensive picture of the Central Pacific campaign from the time when the U.S. fleets were able to take the offensive until nearly the end of 1944.

It is a stirring tale he has to tell and one that in its details will be new to most British readers. Not many had the patience to follow with a large-scale map the actions of which we received such scrappy accounts; the names were so "outlandish," the strategy so hard to follow. Lieut. Jensen makes the whole series of operations intelligible and gives us much by which to remember each odd-sounding place. Truk (pronounced Trook) and the Marianas and Rabaul and Tarawa and Kwajalein have memories attached to them which will long endure. We shall never forget the enormous difficulty of clearing the Japanese out of the huge ocean areas and the innumerable islands over which they had swarmed like poisonous insects before measures could be taken to hold them in check. We shall think of the commanders, whose names have meant almost nothing to us, as vivid personalities, and of the crews they commanded as sea-rovers not a whit less daring and hard-bitten than those who made the Spanish Main famous for adventure and enterprise nearly five centuries ago.

A Thorn in the Flesh of the Japs

Here is a portrait of the admiral who led the "big roving pack of fast aircraft carriers" through all those momentous battles of 1944. His name is Mitscher. How it must have angered the Japanese to know that this thorn in their flesh was of German descent! He is:

> A gnomish man, slight to the point of being skinny. His ruddy face is wrinkled to a well-lined leather: eyes as blue as the Pacific are set beneath bushy eyebrows, which the sun has faded from reddish brown to yellow. Over them is usually perched a long-visored baseball cap, the badge of the aviation trade, which he prefers to the heavily gilded headgear of his rank. He wears horn-rimmed dark eyeglasses and an open-neck khaki shirt. . . . In other clothes he might be taken for a country doctor, although he once startled all hands by appearing from his cabin during a night action in pyjamas the colour of pimento (red) and green cheese.

We are not to imagine the Navy pilots under his command, says Lieut. Jensen, as "a grim, tight-lipped crowd with a stony heroic cast of feature and an inclination to talk sparingly in a clipped Journey's End or What Price Glory style. They are a pleasant, easy-going, affable lot, known to surface sailors affectionately as Airedales or birdmen. . . . At casual inspection they are a good deal like college boys, and save for the business in hand a great many of them would be completing courses there now."

There is a French-Canadian among them, and a Mormon from Utah; there are farm boys and city boys, there is even a poet. They are inclined to indulge in other-worldliness just before they set out on a raid. One Sunday when a big attack was in prospect, "there was a great deal of religious activity, more than there had ever been on any Sunday up to that time." Some attended both Protestant and Catholic services "just to be sure that all fronts were covered."

All these pilots had been trained since the United States were brought into the War at the end of 1941, just as the planes in which they operated had been constructed and the carriers from which the planes took off had been built during that period. The Americans "had lost one navy and were waiting on the sweat and genius of their plants and shipyards to create a new one." Not till June 1943 was American sea power reborn. Meanwhile, writes Mr. Gates, Assistant Secretary of the U.S. Navy for Air, in his Foreword to the book:

> The enemy expanded and held extensive conquests in the Pacific which constituted a real threat to our national existence. We were for months hard-pressed to keep even one aircraft carrier in operation against Japan. The situation for a time seemed very dark after the heavy losses suffered in the first months.

The seven large aircraft carriers which the U.S. had in 1941 were not in Pearl Harbour. They were fortunately at sea. But they were soon reduced to one; the only hope lay in building new ones at frantic speed. There was some doubt as to the design of these. That had been studied for more than twenty years. At first the idea of launching aircraft from a deck and having them return to alight on it was met, as all new ideas are met, with scepticism and even ridicule. "Even many of aviation's advocates foresaw little use for the new gadget save as a sort of glorified look-out or gunnery observer." However, when Britain had led the way during the First Great War, the U.S. followed and built a number of aircraft carriers.

These had become out of date. From the losses sustained in 1942 a good deal had to be learned. The vessels were vulnerable to fire, they had not sufficient anti-aircraft protection. The methods of launching, handling and recovering planes were not fast enough. "Imagination was called to work" and the result, if short of perfection, "always a little beyond the horizon," was, Lieut. Jensen claims, closer to the goal than any carriers had been up to then. At all events the Navy Department was able to describe their new carriers as "the most powerful and destructive units in the history of sea warfare." They had four principal uses. One, to find and attack an enemy fleet in the old-fashioned pattern of sea hostilities. Two, to assist in protecting their own fleets from attack. Three, they could serve as a strategic air force, pouring destruction on enemy bases, towns, and ground installations. Four, they could be used as a tactical force, bombing and firing from low level in support of ground troops. All these tasks were carried out in the Pacific War; the one which brought the most resounding successes was that of meeting Japanese defences on islands and atolls which they believed impregnable

L.S.T.s AS AIRCRAFT CARRIERS were used in the Pacific for invasion purposes. One of the light aircraft carried by these ships is about to alight on an adaptable landing strip.

Photo, New York Times Photos

Flame-Throwers Ignited the Petrol

The Japs had reason for that belief. On Betio atoll, for example, in the Gilbert Islands (see page 339), they had covered its area of one square mile with "the most intricate system of defences any island ever possessed." All round it, at intervals of twenty yards, were pill-boxed and sand-bagged machine-gun emplacements, with eye-slits opening on the beach. "Several strong-points were particularly noteworthy: block-houses built of reinforced concrete, covered with indestructible coconut logs (which are as durable and impervious as case-hardened steel), then heaped over with sand." The only way to deal with these was to pour petrol into the vents and apply flame-throwers to set it alight. Off-shore there were concrete barriers to keep out ships and tanks, while all through the shallow water were barbed wire fences to hold boats up while a murderous, concentrated fire was directed against their occupants.

Why this atoll was so important to the Japs is not explained, but they evidently set great store by it. All their precautions, however, were in vain. By the planes from the carriers everything above ground was demolished. Truk was the scene of another of their triumphs. Here was a place that everyone who knew (or thought they knew) much about it declared to be the strongest naval and air base in the world. It is called by Lieut. Jensen a "bogy." When once the Americans had established command of the air above it they were in a position to reduce it to ruins, though many of the Japanese ships there managed to get away to the Marianas, which at one time were in the news for weeks together. They were soon disposed of by the same furious concentrated attacks by carrier bombers and torpedo planes.

WHAT comes out clearly all through is the inferior quality of Japanese naval commanders. They were out-witted, out-stripped, out-generalled by the U.S. admirals. It seems to me the best way to disillusion our late enemies, and force them to see how insane it would be for them to try to repeat their folly, would be to circulate widely among them histories of the War written by Japanese and German authors, showing up the colossal blunders their leaders made and the appalling number of lives sacrificed to their incompetence and miscalculations. Books of this kind written by British or American authors would carry no conviction. But if the peoples of Germany and Japan were told by writers of their own nationality what a wretchedly poor figure was cut by the men who planned the War, they would surely be on their guard against being bamboozled in the same way again.

As long as they had only unprepared enemies to overcome they did pretty well, though they blundered even then; but as soon as they had to withstand equal or superior forces they lost their heads. They could not stand the strain.

Lawrence at Nuremberg: A Great Judge in Action

As President of the Tribunal at the Nuremberg trial of Nazi war criminals, the authority of Lord Justice Lawrence is absolute. He embodies in himself the impartiality and the wisdom of Justice. This incisive pen-picture of a remarkable personality is by JOHN FORTINBRAS, one of the 250 special correspondents assigned to report the proceedings. See also pages 559-562, 675.

AN impressive silence dominates the brilliantly arc-lit Court of the Palace of Justice, Nuremberg, before each new session of the tribunal. "Attention !" is the usher's one word of warning. Seconds later, from the judges' oak door opposite Press and Public galleries, a file of distinguished men appears.

First is the small, clerical-looking, black-haired French judge with his bald-headed, grey-moustached colleague close at heel. The two American judges, both of senatorial aspect, follow. Then, in front of lank, sandy-haired Mr. Justice Birkett and the two strongly-built, military-figured and uniformed Russian judges, there emerges a stocky, compact figure who comports himself with unconscious dignity—Lord Justice Lawrence, the President of the Tribunal.

"Attention !" is a word his personality compels. In contrast to an English High Court judge's trappings, he wears no robes and no wig ; over his dark-coloured civilian suit he wears a simple black gown which hangs loosely about him until, as he sits down, he gathers up its folds, coaxing them to his sides. His bald dome of head appears to sit over his face. It is a cathedral-like dome. His features, thus inset, convey the impression of being recessed behind his wide brow and spectacles. It is not, I think, due to his pre-eminent position alone that everyone in the Schwurgerichts (the name inscribed over the Court's main entrance) senses his presence. His is a personality designed to penetrate in any assembly.

The World's Finest Judicial Brains

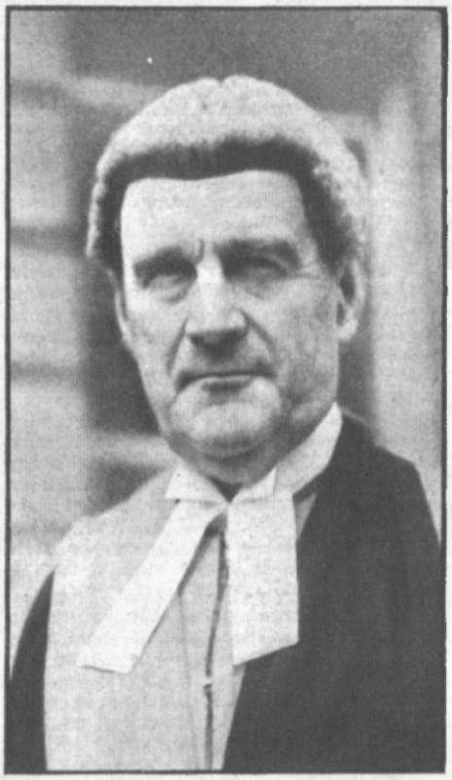
The tribunal deals daily with an unwieldy array of documents, mostly English translations of German originals, which are presented in evidence against the Nazi conspirators. In the case against the arch political deceiver Ribbentrop, no fewer than seventy-six documents were made available, although Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, who conducted the case for Britain, did not find it necessary to cite from all of them.

To sift the details of evidence thus marshalled requires powers of analysis and discrimination of a profundity to exercise fully the world's finest judicial brains. That Lord Justice Lawrence is so gifted is not questioned. His incisiveness stimulates, awes even, and his cool imperturbability, if not quieting to the uneasy minds of the two banks of Nazi criminals facing him, at least fixes their attention by its authority. Sometimes there is a dry humour in his comments. American correspondents, especially, admire with a smile the wry precision that characterizes many of his observations.

ALL of us, sorting piles of documents in the crowded, red-plush, tip-up Press seats, know to our exasperation the difficulty of seizing quickly on the one document from which Prosecuting Counsel is quoting. Our feelings were exactly expressed by his Lordship one afternoon when he interrupted proceedings to say, "I haven't found 2126 PS yet," alluding to the document previously mentioned by counsel. He added laconically, "It seems merely a matter of chance whether one finds it or not !"

He is proof against any incidents which defendants may try to manufacture. Magnificently so. I remember how, with obvious well-meaning, German counsel for Hans Frank interposed during the American prosecutors' case against the Nazis for their religious persecutions, to ask the tribunal to hear three questions, each, he claimed, of major importance to Frank. Lord Justice Lawrence nodded his agreement.

The first question was, "Is the Vatican a signatory to the Charter of the International Military Tribunal ?" Second, "Did the Vatican deliver material presented to the Court as co-prosecutor ?" Third, "Does the Vatican recognize the principles on which the trial is being conducted ?" Upon the tribunal's replies, stated counsel, Frank's future membership of the Roman Catholic Church depended. That faith, incidentally,



LORD JUSTICE LAWRENCE was called to the Bar in 1906, became K.C. in 1925, and since 1932 has been Judge in the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

Frank (formerly notorious as Governor-General of Poland) had embraced only since his imprisonment as a Nazi war criminal.

Lord Justice Lawrence conferred quickly with his colleagues. Then, in crisp tones, he announced their decision. "The tribunal is of the opinion," he said, "that the observations made by counsel on behalf of the defendant Frank are entirely irrelevant, and any motion which they are intended to support is denied." An American radio technician, listening to his Lordship's comment, said to me afterwards "Only an Englishman could have said that without cracking a smile. They say ' as sober as a judge.' I guess he's that fellow all right !"

Sometimes his Lordship smiles. A young American prosecutor became a little involved during one session because of his fear of producing evidence "merely accumulative" and so wasting the tribunal's time. Whereupon, taken to task for being too detailed, he suggested that the witness in this case was unduly long-winded in his answers, a trait, moreover, observed in him during previous interrogations. His Lordship regarded him quizzically for a second. Then, with a quick revealing smile, he remarked, "You are examining him !"

Right at the outset, Hermann Goering and Co. were made to realize that Lord Justice Lawrence would put up with no nonsense, accept no departures from the charter of the tribunal, and admit no play-acting appeals or emotional interludes. In fact, Goering's first words when required to plead guilty or not guilty before the tribunal were: "Before I answer the question of the high court whether or not I am guilty . . ." The President interrupted, saying very forcibly, "I informed the court that defendants were not entitled to make a statement. You must plead guilty or not guilty."

His voice is richly English. It is resonant, exceptionally disciplined and clear. These qualities are enhanced as one hears it amplified through the language translator headpieces which everyone in court wears. And its timbre, so decisive, aptly portrays the alertness of the mind controlling it. If counsel should lapse for a moment or misquote a document, his Lordship will raise his eyes and inquire, "Mr. So-and-So, you said ' execution,' did you not ? In my copy I read 'eviction' ?"

A Just and Proper Judgement

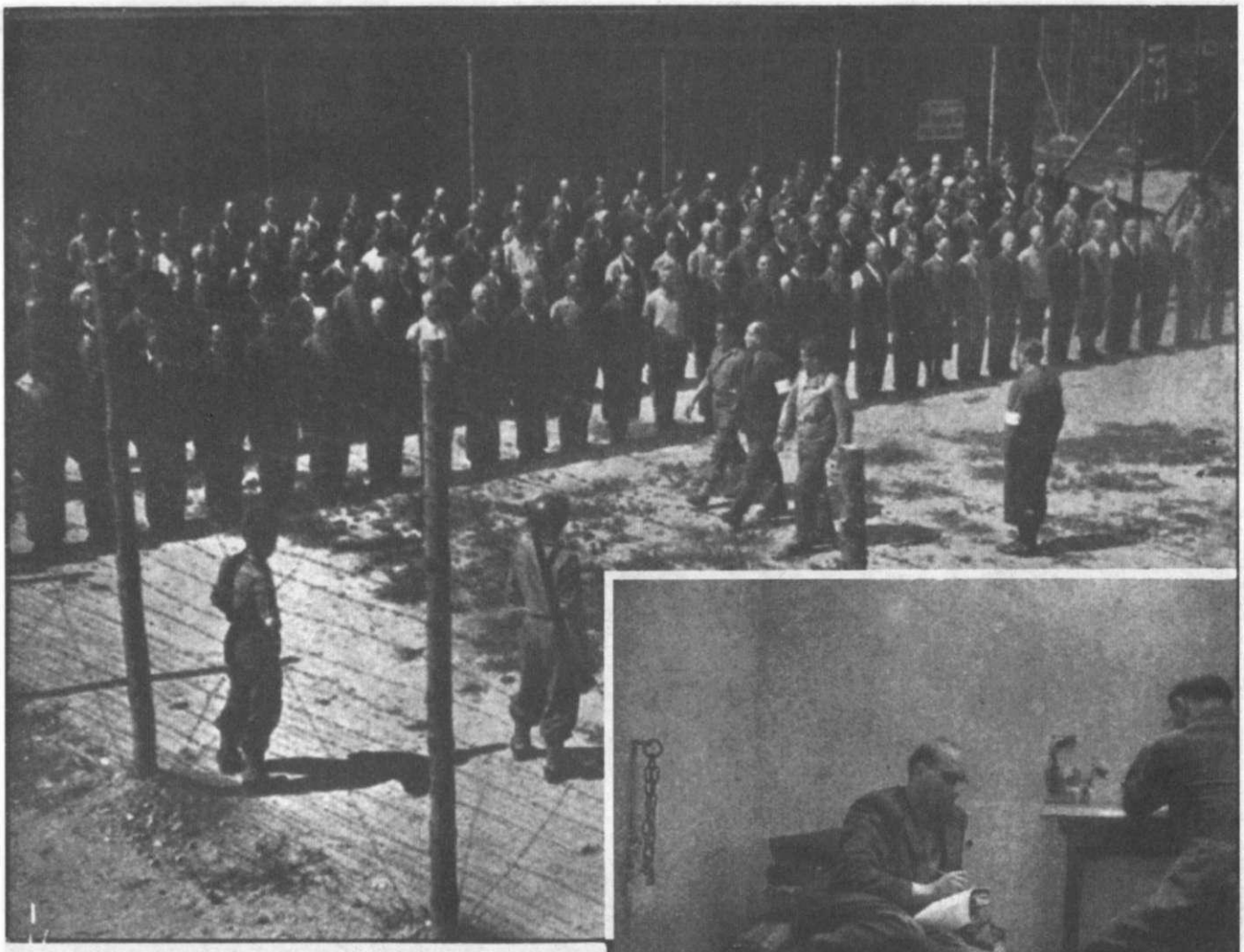
Few in court will forget how Mr. Albrecht, one of the American delegation's prosecution team, began his country's indictment of Hermann Goering by enlarging on Goering's blandishments, as revealed in court, his ever-ready smile, his ingratiating manner, his chiding shake of the head . . . Suddenly that judicial voice spoke with penetrating clarity. "I do not think the tribunal is interested in this, Mr. Albrecht," it said.

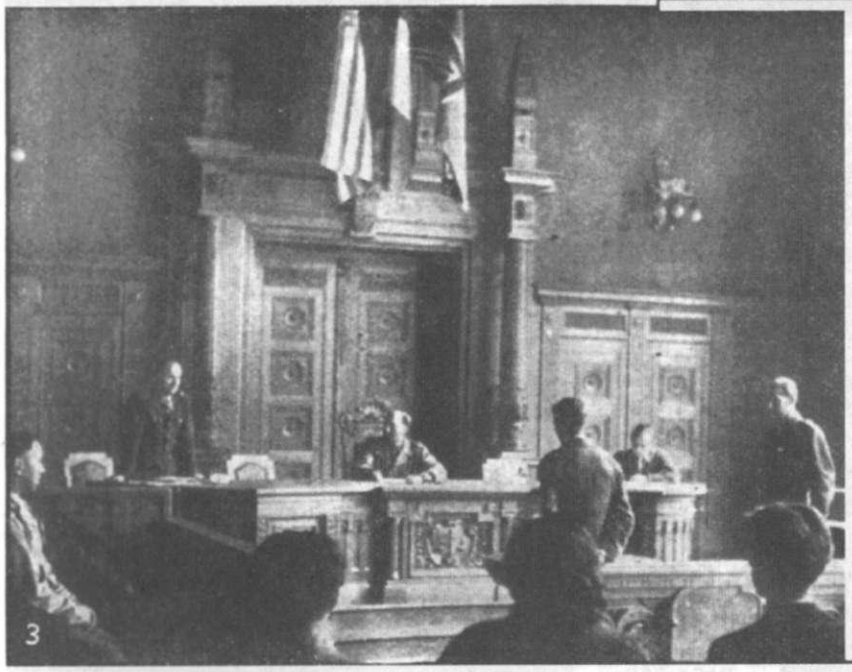
His mannerisms are few. The most noticeable is a vigorous twiddling of his pen, which sometimes punctuates, or so it appears, his note-taking. Then, dynamically activated, his pen's handle flutters like a whirligig. His authority is absolute. He embodies in himself the impartiality and the wisdom of Justice. As President of the Court, charged with conduct of the greatest trial in human history, there could be, I think, no judicial figure more precise in mind, more fitting to represent the highest principles of civilized society in the sifting of responsibility for the most lurid saga of evil known in man's annals.

WHEN I first sat in Nuremberg as one of the world's 250 special correspondents assigned to report the trial, I reacted to Lord Justice Lawrence by summarizing his presidency as conferring honour and distinction on the English judicial system. Today I extend that assessment. I see him as a greater figure, beyond even the personification of Justice to which English law subscribes. I see him as the judge of history, devoid of emotion, devoid of false reasoning, relentless and unwearying in his analyses to arrive at truth.

Thereby in the name of humanity, as in the name of the law, I see him presenting Justice as Justice is due to the millions of victims of Nazi-controlled Germany's reign of terror, and bringing judgement, a just and proper judgement, whatever it be, to each of the wretched men grouped as conspirators before the tribunal. The task, almost a superman's task, which this stocky, immensely dignified figure now discharges may well become a coping-stone in the edifice of peace-loving peoples. Just as it will assist materially to purge the world of evil. It is to be hoped that all nations, including the German nation, will honour one day the name of Lord Justice Lawrence.

Accused War Criminals Await Their Deserts

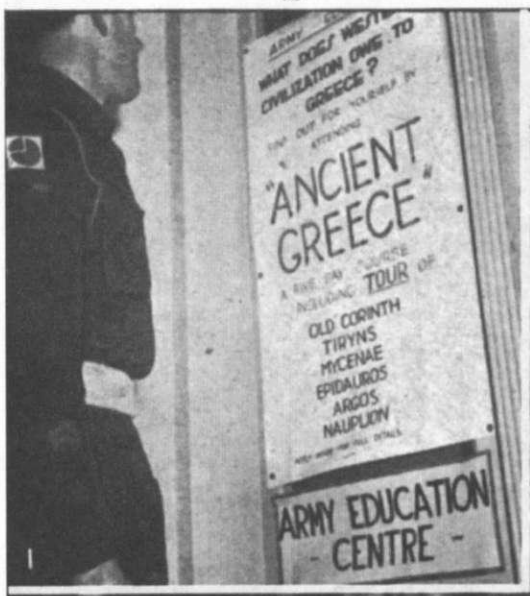




IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS AND PRISONS in Germany where they are alleged to have committed atrocities are many Nazi war criminals and collaborators. Political prisoners in the French zone are interned at Rottweil (1), where a roll-call is taking place. Baron von Neueronner, chief of an espionage group, writes in his cell (2) while waiting to face a Military Tribunal (3), where a collaborator hears the death penalty demanded. Emile Bauer, who ill-treated foreign workers, is being used as a "dummy" (4) in training French police dogs.

Photos, Keystone

Our Troops See Monuments of Ancient Greece



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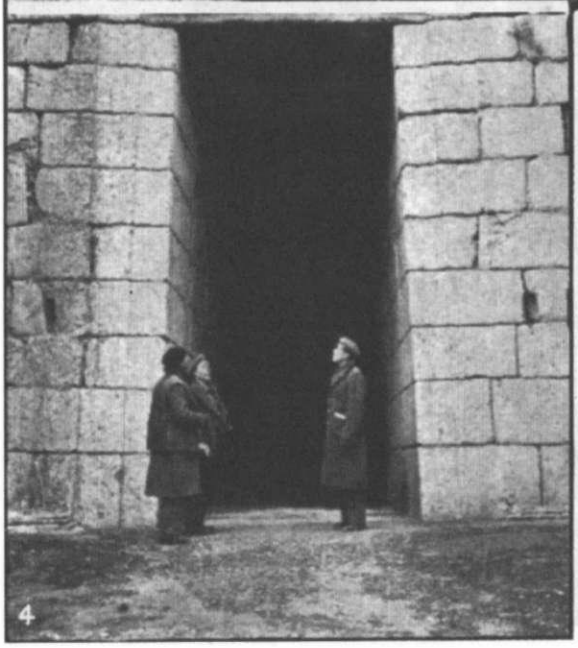

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GREEK HISTORY Courses are now arranged by the British Army Educational Authorities for Service personnel in the Middle East, and students attend the British School of Archaeology, Athens, where lectures are followed by a conducted tour of the ancient ruins.

A potential student studies the poster (1) and, enrolled, later visits the Acropolis (2). In the Theatre of Epidaurus (3), which held 15,000 people, the slightest sound is audible: some of the class listen to paper being torn on the dancing-floor below. The Treasury of Atreus (4), legendary tomb of the soldier-king Agamemnon, receives attention, the tour ending at the huge monoliths of the Temple of Apollo (5).

Photos, British Official

5

A New and Nobler House of Commons Will Arise

THE DEBATING CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, destroyed in a bombing raid on May 10-11, 1941, is to be rebuilt: excavation for the foundations of the new building is seen in progress. Designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, in conjunction with his brother, Mr. A. Gilbert Scott, it will incorporate the latest developments in acoustics, air conditioning and heating, but the Chamber will retain its unique rectangular seating arrangement to which M.P.s have been accustomed for 400 years. See also illus. pages 539-541, Vol. 4. *Photo, P.A.-Reuter*

I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

I Fought With the Grenadier Guards at Furnes

Sixteen miles east of Dunkirk, the Belgian town was doggedly defended by a battalion of Guards infantry (7th Guards Brigade), a company of Middlesex Regiment machine-gunners and a battery of R.A. during 72 terrible hours—May 30-June 1, 1940—of German bombing and shelling. The story of this rearguard action to cover the withdrawal to the Dunkirk beaches is told by ex-Guardsman A. A. Shuttlewood.

Guardsman A. A. SHUTTLEWOOD, of the Grenadiers, relates here the heroic stand of his battalion together with men of the Middlesex Regiment and Royal Artillery at the approaches to Dunkirk in 1940.

THE young officer in command of the battery of R.A. attached to our (2nd) Battalion of Grenadier Guards set up his observation post in the steeple of a church in the main square of Furnes, and from this precarious position directed the firing of the big guns under his control. Thanks to his accurate judgement the gun-crews did magnificent work, sending salvos of shells into the teeming mass of German troops and transport facing our forward companies of infantry.

Detachments of the Middlesex machine-gun company were dug-in at the southern extremities of the town, firing on fixed lines : a deadly curtain of cross-fire which prevented the Germans from making a large-scale infantry attack. Enemy mortar bombs and shells, however, rained thick and fast upon the town itself. Several hits were registered on the conspicuous target presented by the steeple ; but the young artillery officer, undaunted, and miraculously unscathed, calmly carried on with his directions and corrections of range, elevation, and so on.

OUR Battalion H.Q. telephone exchange was intermediary between the O.P. and the troops of guns in the battery. Occasionally, a shell-burst severed the connecting lines of cable, and members of our signal platoon promptly set off to repair the break. Fifty feet of cable vanished as the result of one direct hit. During these phases of forced inactivity, the observer descended from his steeple to compare notes with our officers. The firing was resumed on the return of the signallers and after the artillery officer's resumption of his lofty perch.

Just before dusk fell, on the evening of May 30, 1940, we heard the throb of enemy planes. They came into full view—dive-bombers. As they swooped down at us, with engines shrieking, we dived into cellars below the street level. I had time to notice that the Huns' shelling and mortar fire had subsided, as if by arrangement with the bombers. Several waves of the latter swooped, dropped their bombs and made off back to their bases. The roof shook above our heads, the stone floor beneath our feet.

"Surrender" Leaflets Dropped

Dust and pieces of whining shrapnel showered through the cellar grating, which looked out on to the street. The fumes and the sickening smell of cordite half-choked us. Thick smoke wreathed up from a petrol tommy-cooker which we had been using, but a kick from someone's boot put an end to that. It was so stifling in the cellar that we were blinded with tears and had to don our respirators.

When the planes sheered off we emerged, to view the damage. The street was splotched with what appeared to be huge flakes of snow, but which on closer inspection (minus gas-masks) proved to be leaflets. They were written in three languages, English, French and Flemish, and read as follows : "Lay down your arms, brave soldiers, for you are hopelessly beaten. You must surrender." Jerry was optimistic !

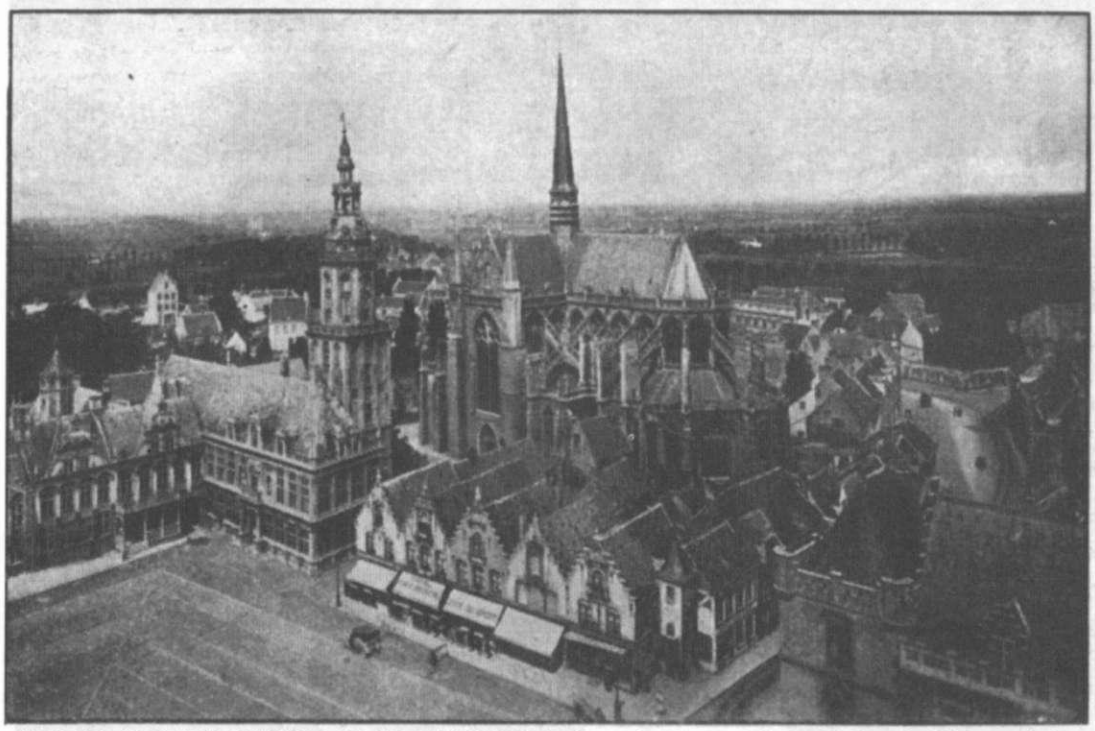
I walked along the street. It was a mass of wreckage. Telegraph poles had been uprooted, their wires strewn in all directions. Shop windows spilled their contents on to cratered pavements. Bricks and fallen masonry were everywhere. Not a single building had escaped damage. Huge holes gaped in sagging walls, roofs were shattered, and many houses and shops destroyed.

Dusk fell as I made my way to the cellar that housed the telephone exchange. I was operator on duty, and throughout the night enemy shelling continued spasmodically, with flares illuminating the darkness at intervals until dawn. Jerry must have been considerably shaken when—at 2.15 a.m. on the morning of May 31—elements of one of our forward companies made a sharp incursion into his lines and, covered by machine-gun fire, routed several strong-points with the bayonet.

OUR losses were light, but that raid had a demoralizing effect on the German infantry, for it was discovered, later in the morning, that their forward troops had withdrawn some distance from their original front line. Their artillery opened again more vigorously than ever, and our lone battery replied, scoring direct hits on a number of wheeled vehicles and neutralizing some gun emplacements. We lost several men from the enemy shelling, as did the Middlesex machine-gunners.

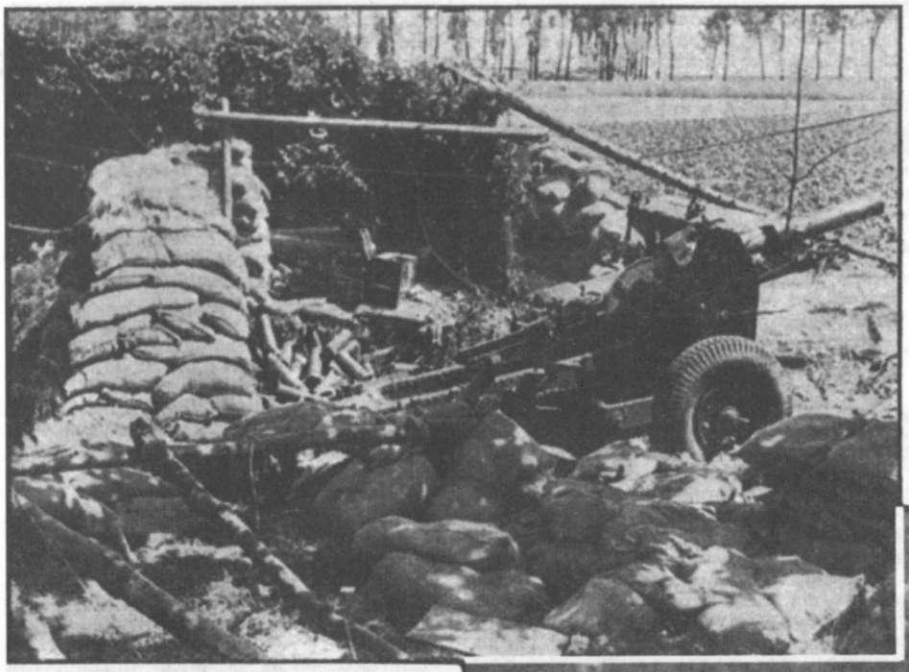
During the afternoon, under cover of a heavy smoke-screen laid down by their artillery and mortars, the enemy infantry advanced again to their original positions ; the fact that they were numerically superior to the defenders of the town was beginning to dawn on them. If they had attempted one really big attack, with all of the resources at their disposal, our small garrison would have been overwhelmed. But they lacked the nerve to try it. And we held on. Meanwhile, the mass evacuation of Allied troops from the Dunkirk beaches was in full swing.

Suddenly, the firing of our big guns petered out ; only the chatter of machine-guns and the inter-



THE 13th CENTURY CHURCH OF ST. WALBURGA in the ancient town of Furnes—before the War one of the most picturesque in Belgium—whose steeple (centre) was used as an artillery observation post by a young R.A. officer during the great fighting retreat, as told in this page. At the left is the imposing Town Hall. All this was left in "almost unrecognizable ruin." when the War surged through it. See also pages 254-255, Vol. 3.

 Photo, E.N.A.



OUR TELEPHONISTS, WEARY FROM LACK OF SLEEP, maintained communication between forward companies and the artillery observation post in the St. Walburga steeple at Furnes, until this was destroyed by shell-fire. A British gun stands silent (left) amidst empty shell-cases. "All our ammunition's gone. We blew them to hell with what we had. If only we had some more!" said the young R.A. officer. *Photos, British Official, Associated Press*

mittent crack of rifles remained. I was off duty, and was sprawled in a corner of the exchange room—I had not slept a wink for over two days, and was now too weary to sleep—when the young R.A. officer staggered into the cellar, lurched into the adjoining room (our improvised Battalion H.Q.) and slumped on to an empty orange-box which the Adjutant used for a chair. He looked very, very old at that moment. His face was drawn and haggard; his shoulders drooped.

"That's that!" he said. "All our ammunition's gone. We blew them to hell with what we had. If only we had some more . . ." Suddenly he bowed his head, cupped his chin in his hands, and cried. Great, heart-rending sobs shook his slight body. It was not so surprising a reaction to us. Battle-hardened, we had grown accustomed to weird happenings.

A Direct Hit Shatters the Steeple

For five minutes the sobs continued. Wisely, none of his fellow-officers made efforts to console him. Then he slumped backward, and began to snore—exhausted beyond measure. He had done his task well, and was one of the most conscientious officers I have known. I felt a great admiration for him in those desperate days, and I mentally salute him now.

The dive-bombers made another attack that evening, during which the building above our cellar was destroyed and the church steeple collapsed under a direct hit. Enemy shelling was persistent throughout that night. They realized our artillery was out of action, yet they were still hesitant to make a large-scale attack. The lines of signal cable to our forward companies were shattered in places from time to time, and we set off to repair the breaks, with D3 telephones, reels of cable, earth pins, adhesive tape. At this crucial phase it was imperative that lines of communication be kept open, and we lost count of the repairing missions carried out from dusk to dawn.

As the first cold light of morning broke over the scene the Germans at last threw in what was intended to be a deciding attack. But our machine-guns stuttered continuously and waves of their infantry were mown down like corn. The hordes broke and went scurrying back to their dug-outs, from which they did not venture to stir for the rest of the day. Our Commanding Officer and two Company Commanders were killed whilst we were defending the town. An enemy machine-gun nest was responsible; it caught the three whilst they were making a personal recce on the outskirts. As soon as the news reached us the officer-in-charge Bren carriers drove across the open country, shot up the German machine-gun crew, recovered the three bodies, and brought them to Battalion H.Q. for as decent a burial as was possible in the circumstances. For this, and other feats of bravery, he was later awarded a well-earned Military Cross.

The Carrier Platoon included 20-year-old L/Sgt. Mitchell, later presented with the D.C.M. by H.M. the King at Buckingham Palace. His chief act of gallantry saved the Battalion from what might have developed into an unpleasant situation. He was reconnoitring the area on the western extremities of Furnes when the Battalion marched in from the eastern approaches in the early hours of May 30.

He saw a long string of male refugees on bicycles, heading toward the town, with blankets draped across the handlebars of their bikes. The N.C.O. halted the column by swinging his carrier broadside across the road, intending to warn them that our men were in the town and that the enemy was thought to be in the vicinity. Thereupon the leading cyclist became panicky, drew a revolver from the folds of his blankets, and fired point-blank at Lance-Sgt. Mitchell. Fortunately the shot went wide. Others of the refugees started firing then, so our N.C.O. quickly manned the Bren-gun and shot up the entire assemblage of disguised Germans. For as such they were identified in due course. By mass infiltration amongst us they could have wreaked havoc with communications and perhaps morale.

Excepting those ghastly last hours on Dunkirk's beach Furnes was the hottest spot I encountered during the whole campaign. We withdrew from the town as the beach evacuation was nearing its climax, leaving behind us almost unrecognizable ruins.

I Died at Buchenwald on Friday the 13th

In February 1946 it was announced that "The King has been graciously pleased to award the George Cross to Acting Wing Commander F. F. E. Yeo-Thomas, M.C., Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve." At an Air Ministry conference the Wing Commander related his amazing experiences up to the time when he reached the safety of the American lines. Part of his story, in condensed form, is given here. **See also pages 410-411.**

My first trip to France was on a very difficult job. I was dropped by parachute on February 25, 1943, when we knew little about the French Resistance movement. We had a list of names, and the idea was to find out first just what really lay behind them. That was my particular task. I started getting busy in Paris and all over France sifting our information and contacting various people. I was very lucky, and managed to find five main Resistance movements in the north and three in the south. Each movement at that time was a watertight affair. None knew much about the other, for security reasons, and I had to co-ordinate their efforts, with a French officer Boisselet, who

died in 1944, two days after I was arrested. He and I worked as a team, and when we came back from that trip, in April 1943, we had got these people together, knew exactly with whom we were dealing, and were able to get to work on a plan to bring the whole of the French Resistance movement under a single command.

MY second trip was in September 1943, to inspect what had been done in the interim period, to see how things were progressing, and also find out just what the French required in the way of arms, supplies, and so on. At that time we knew there was a Maquis organization, but we did not know anything more about it. So that was another job—to travel all over France and visit these small, armed groups of Maquis.

Wing Commander F. F. E. YEO-THOMAS, M.C., R.A.F.V.R., awarded the George Cross for his services with the Maquis, relates his experiences here. *Photo, Central Press*

Seeing the way these men were trained, how disciplined and keen they were, I realized that if we could get supplies to them we had the nucleus of a very formidable secret army in France. I came back to England and reported what I had seen. I had the honour of an interview with Mr. Churchill and was able to tell him all about the Maquis. From then on we concentrated on sending large quantities of arms to them.

How the Gestapo Captured Me

My third trip (again I parachuted down) was undertaken in February 1944, when we were getting ready for the invasion. The idea then was to bolster-up morale, because these Resistance movements had had heavy losses, and the Germans were running them down as fast as they could. My capture came about through the arrest of one man; he was taken with a slip of paper on him. On the slip he had marked the name of a bridge, a date, and an hour. The Gestapo beat him up very badly.

They took him to the meeting-place at the hour mentioned on the slip of paper, and captured a comrade of mine and tortured him. They caught another man, too, whom I knew as Jacques, a very fine fellow; he committed suicide on the spot. And they captured a courier who was meeting *my* courier. The latter made exactly the same mistake as the original man; he had a slip of paper, inscribed "Shelley, Passy, 11 o'clock." The Gestapo said, "We know Shelley!"—that was me. My courier got the wind up and admitted that he was meeting me at 11 o'clock at Passy. And coming round a corner there I had five men on my back before I knew where I was!

On that trip I had intended to release my comrade Boisselet, who had been arrested in December, and I had organized an attack on Fresnes Prison where he was held together with a man named Baudouin, who was selected as General de Gaulle's representative in France. I had cars and arms, explosives, false papers, German uniforms, men who spoke German, to attack the prison and get these people out. I was arrested on March 21—the day before the prison was to be attacked!

My Three Weeks in Darkness

I was in Fresnes Prison for four months, in solitary confinement, and was beaten-up every morning by a German N.C.O. He used to open up proceedings by saying, "Ah! British officer! We kill you slowly!" And *bang*!—he would punch me on the jaw, then kick me in the stomach, stand back and grin, and then walk out. He discovered after about two months that I was getting information from outside. For this I spent three weeks in the darkness of an underground cell, with about a quarter-pound of bread a day and nothing else at all, not even soup. I had no bed. My coat, gloves and handkerchief were taken away. I had nothing to wash with. Fungi grew in this damp cell. There were rats, and heaven knows what. It was the only time in the whole of my experience when I felt really downhearted.

But I began to feel better when I discovered that it annoyed them intensely if I sang—"God Save the King," "Britannia Rule the Waves"—anything I thought would annoy them I sang. That resulted in a sentry every now and again clumping me with a rifle-butt. But each time he entered I saw a bit of light, which was cheering. Getting their goat gave me pleasure—but I came out of Fresnes in a very bad state.

FROM there I went to Compiègne, and made two unsuccessful attempts to escape. Then I went to Buchenwald, where I "died" of typhus and, by that ruse, changed my identity. I knew I was to be shot, or hanged, or something, but I wangled things with the connivance of a S.S. doctor in the "guinea pig" block. He had the wind up and I was able to play on his nerves to some extent by telling him what would happen to his wife and family when the War was over. I rubbed it in hard, and he agreed to arrange a change of identities for three of us in the "guinea pig" block where he carried out experiments on human beings.

The outcome of this plan was that I "died" on Friday, October 13, 1944—under an assumed name, of course, because here they never knew my real name. I was "resurrected" as Maurice Chauquet, a Frenchman deported for forced labour. Later, I found myself married, with two children, and it was an unpleasant job when I got back to have to see Mme. Chauquet and tell her that her husband had died of typhus, and then I had to sign all sorts of documents so that she could get a pension!

Smuggled Into Europe's Last Fascist Fortress

Feeling against General Franco ran so high that the French Government decided to close the frontier with Spain from midnight on Feb. 28, 1946. But Franco himself closed it, all along the Pyrenees, on Feb. 27. This dispatch was sent by George McCarthy, The Daily Mirror Chief Correspondent.

TWO days after Franco closed his French frontier with a ring of armed men, I slipped across that bristling border. The Fascist Government which smiles on a few British journalists and politicians does not countenance certain other reporters entering Spain. It is necessary to travel underground.

So with a false name and forged papers, I was smuggled into the last Fascist fortress in Europe. Today (March 4) I have returned to France after spending five days in Spain, four of them in the Catalonian capital of Barcelona. Every train in the frontier zone is under close police supervision.

There was an anxious moment for me, after getting over the border, when a Franco detective wanted to see my papers—and I could speak no Spanish. Happily my guide,

WELL-STOCKED STREET MARKET IN MADRID, like others of its kind in Barcelona and elsewhere, offers much to the privileged classes, but brings little comfort to the majority of Spaniards, who after years of civil war and Franco's Fascist regime now find themselves without the means to buy—though bananas are plentiful. *Photo, Associated Press*

FRENCH-SPANISH FRONTIER, at Hendaye, in the Pyrenees, was the scene of hurried last-minute activity before it was closed on Feb. 27, 1946, practically severing all relations between the two countries. This action of General Franco forestalled the French Government's decision by a few hours. The tide of feeling towards Franco and his regime, which had been rising for a long time, was stimulated by the execution of several Spanish Republicans who, as refugees in France, had fought gallantly with the Maquis. *Photo, Associated Press*

who calls himself Richards, although it is not his name, was the first to be interrogated. His papers were in order. And then I got by with papers which proved that my name was José Camps, that my mother's name was Pons, and that I was born in Barcelona.

That was the only obstacle on the road to Barcelona. And in that city I found a people waiting for news from London. The men and the women of the Resistance moved around me like a protective umbrella. I travelled in the trams and in the underground and in taxis; I visited many homes; interviewed the leaders and the rank and file of the Resistance. Everywhere I was at once asked the question, "What is the British Government going to do?"

After Long Despair and Apathy

The Franco papers have suppressed news of the Allied moves against the Spanish Government, but everybody knows that a crisis exists. Unfortunately, thousands of people have accepted the newspaper propaganda that Britain is reluctant to move against Franco, and that if she does it will be to support a monarchy in Spain.

It is impossible to overrate the trust the Spanish people have in the British public. For ten years the Spaniards have fought Fascism and they are the last to be liberated. They wanted an Allied victory; they saw with mounting hopes the rise of the Labour Party at the polls; now they suffer a reaction. On every side you hear the question: "When will Britain come to our rescue?"

Do not forget that these are a people wearied by the long years of war. The best of their leaders are dead. Their successors sicken in Franco's gaols. (The number of political prisoners is unknown, but is estimated to be at least 15,000.) The workers, after years of despair and apathy, are once more on the march. And once again they look to England, the traditional home and the hope of liberty.

What goes on in Spain behind that forbidden frontier? You will find what you would expect to find in a battlefield where Fascism has triumphed. Spain today is a great prison-house, for too many a prison of the body, and for all a prison of the mind. For a rich few it is a paradise. Here every evil flourishes. Here privilege is enthroned, and here indeed may be found poverty in the midst of plenty.

The shops are full of every kind of goods, but the people have no money to buy. If you walk in the streets of Barcelona you will think at a glance that this is the most prosperous country in Europe. It is like pre-war England. The shops display windows full of eggs and hams, and sausages (there is little meat, although the rich never go without). There are oranges, bananas, nuts, raisins, and apples, wine and beer and brandy. But the great majority of the people go hungry.

There is much I cannot tell in the space of one report. But there is one thing more I want to say: The only people who look happy in Spain today are the dandified officers of Franco's Army.

★=*As The Years Went By*—*Notable Days in the War*=★

1941

March 24. *El Agheila occupied by Axis forces; first appearance of Afrika Korps in Libya.*
March 27. *King Peter and Yugoslav Army under Gen. Simovitch deposed pro-Axis Government.*
March 28. *British naval victory over Italians in Battle of Cape Matapan, Greece.*

1942

March 27-28. *Combined Operations raid on St. Nazaire; destroyer H.M.S. Campbeltown used to ram the main dock gate of the port.*

1943

March 20. *In Tunisia the Eighth Army launched an attack against the Mareth Line.*

1944

March 19. *Germans began to occupy Hungary; parachute troops took over airfields.*
March 22. *Announced that Japanese troops had crossed the Burma-India frontier.*
March 24. *Major-General Wingate of the "Chindits" killed in air crash in Burma.*

1945

March 17. *U.S. 3rd Army entered Coblenz.*
March 20. *Whole of Mandalay freed by British and Indian capture of Fort Dufferin.*
March 23. *Mass crossing of Rhine by British, Canadian and U.S. troops under Montgomery.*
March 28. *Russians captured Gdynia.*
March 29. *U.S. 7th Army occupied Heidelberg.*

Shall We See an International Air Force?

By CAPTAIN
NORMAN MACMILLAN
M.C., A.F.C.

It was certainly appropriate that Mr. Winston Churchill's speech of grave warning (at Fulton on March 5, 1946) should have been delivered within the State of Missouri, for there is an American expression "I come from Missouri" which is the western equivalent of the British "No flies on me!" Just as his unique career was the perfect apprenticeship for his leadership of the British peoples from May 10, 1940, almost to VJ Day 1945, so the rejection of his party by the electorate last year has given him an unparalleled position to speak frankly as a private citizen.

Mr. Churchill was one of the few British politicians who tried to halt the race to European destruction in the years leading up to 1939. Today he is a world figure endeavouring to avert global calamity. Is it not strange that he should have been reverted, in the activities of mankind, to the same position as before 1939, save that this time his rostrum faces the world and not, as then, the European cockpit alone? But his speech was not one of unrelieved gloom. It contained the hope that the United Nations Organization might this time be able to bring the nations together to work in peace in the harmony of law instead of the discord of war. He made the following proposal:

THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, introduced by President Truman (left), making his dramatic appeal at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, on March 5, 1946, for closer Anglo-American relations and an international armed force for U.N.O. He was addressing an assembly of students, and his speech aroused world-wide comment. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

"The United Nations organization must immediately begin to be equipped with an international armed force. In such a matter we can only go step by step, but we must begin now. I propose that each of the Powers and States should be invited to dedicate a certain number of air squadrons to the service of the world organization. These squadrons would be trained and prepared in their own countries, but would move around in rotation from one country to another. They would wear the uniform of their own countries with different badges. They would not be required to act against their own nation, but in other respects they would be directed by the world organization."

Whatever support it receives from the member States of U.N.O. this is an interesting proposal, which has several important implications if carried into effect. First, and not least important, would be the change in what is called intelligence "security." In this sense the word security is used to mean the prevention of leakage of military information from the country of its ownership and from the sole possession of those of its citizens in the secret.

For, if the military aircraft of the principal member States were to be moved about from one country to another, there could be no secrecy about these machines or their equipment. This would mark a great advance in the confidence of one nation with the other nations, and all with each, if the great aircraft-designing States and the most powerful military nations really allocated their latest types of aircraft to the service of the world organization.

PRINCIPLE Whose Acceptance Would Mould the Destiny of All Mankind

But this is again precisely where the fabric of U.N.O. has shown itself inclined to be shoddy, with the risk of wearing threadbare unless most delicately handled. Who would ensure that each State really placed its latest aircraft into this pool? If some withheld their latest aircraft for national defence and gave to the world organization their obsolescent types, the power of the world organization would be no greater than that of a third-rate Power. And U.N.O. would then be no more able than was the League of Nations to prevent aggression by any Power possessing its own requisite strength, as were Japan, Italy and Germany.

If the world organization is to possess a real air force it must have the power to order its own types of aircraft from whatever source it desires, so that its equipment would be as modern as that of any independent State member. But there are the difficulties of cost; the commercialization of the organization, so that the industries of the member States would be angrily competing with one another for the orders, as one means to build up their own industrial strength; and indeed, that of the creation of a strange independent sovereign power which might be seized by unscrupulous men to impose their own conditions of life upon all mankind.

This position can be reached only through experience which will lead to the eventual creation of a one-world State, possessing a free Parliament, under which all men of all races will be able to live in accordance with the principles enunciated by Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg; or, the apparent alternative, through the growth of a doctrinaire system, like that of Russia, into world coverage. We see, therefore, that in this suggestion Mr. Churchill was enunciating a principle whose acceptance now or in the near future would mould the destiny of mankind for centuries, even if it were put into effect only inefficiently by some nations.

Second, if the aircraft so allocated to the world organization were to be moved around from one country to another, the bases that they used would no longer be secret from other nations, and the minds directing the military staff of the Security Council would be able to plan global strategy with the use of certain known bases. This would undoubtedly have the effect of reducing the national security of any given member State as a separate entity, and if it decided upon unilateral action it would first have to destroy the U.N.O. air detachment within its territory. This would at once disclose its intentions.

So, to prevent any such disclosure, it would be more likely to attempt to begin an act of aggression, either when its own detachment was temporarily withdrawn for re-equipment within its own territory in place of any foreign element, or when its own detachment was strategically well situated to assist in the first blow. There are, therefore, risks to be run in the execution of any such plan.

But before such a plan could be put into operation, each State would necessarily have to agree to the establishment of extra-territorial air bases within its own sovereign territory. Britain of course did this by leasing bases to the U.S.A. during the recent war. China has frequently done so in the past. It is a prerequisite of colonial ownership—one reason why the Third Reich wanted her colonies back, and why other nations did not want to return them.

But it is a new departure in international relationships to propose that a sovereign State should concede bases within its own territory for the occupational forces of a world organization. It remains to be seen what the world's reaction will be to this suggestion, which, undoubtedly, because of its cession of a part of sovereignty, its voluntary tearing down of some of the veils that cloak "security" conditions, and its relinquishment of a part of the national armed forces, would tend to create more difficult conditions for the propagation of war as a means to extension of power.

NATION That Holds Aloft the Torch to Light the Way for the World

Meanwhile, it seems clear from Mr. Churchill's speech that he regards the situation of the British Isles as one of strategic military isolation in the current political impasse. Germany was on the Rhine. Russia is on the Oder. Not much farther east. Germany had to fight to try to create a linkage through the Middle East to the Far East. Russia does not. Her linkage is there in one continuous block of territory, reaching from the Baltic to the North Pacific.

In 1942, Field-Marshal Jan Smuts forecast Britain's position after the War as that of a little island lying off the western shore of Europe. He is uncannily correct in his broad forecasts. The truth is that in the existing situation Britain is fighting a politico-military-strategic Battle of Britain almost single-handed; and Mr. Churchill, now, as then, has through his forthright speech made Britain again the nation that holds aloft the torch to light the way for all the world. Let us hope that the suggestion for an international air force will be adopted despite all its difficulties, and that through the air Russia, America and Britain may become a triumvirate of peace.

★ My friend and contributor Captain Norman Macmillan has just written to say that a rumour going round the town to the effect that he had taken his life is, happily, "exaggerated." The victim of the recent suicide, who bore the same name as our Air Correspondent, was neither known nor related to him.—Ed.

Royal Irish Fusiliers on Duty in the Austrian Alps

BRITISH OCCUPATION TROOPS not uncommonly have somewhat tedious tasks, but they carry them out with commendable cheerfulness. High up in the Austrian Alps, the Royal Irish Fusiliers guard the five-mile long railway tunnel through the Saviske Mountains to see that unauthorized persons do not travel between Austria and Yugoslavia either on foot or by the daily train from Rosenbach, near the frontier. They make the best of the available transport and use a bogey to convoy them to and from their billets.

Photo, G.P.U.

The Editor Looks Back

'THE FAT BOY' Aug. 3, 1940

Last night I encountered a prominent West Country physician on a visit to London and found in him certain characteristics of the Fat Boy who loved to make one's flesh creep. Among other things, he told me of the terrors in store for us when Hitler's murder men can carry out his diabolic schemes (incidentally he couldn't tell me why they were not getting on with them) for the smothering of Britain with that deadliest of corrosive gases known as Lewisite. And as though that were not sufficient, the Huns are also preparing (he told me genially) to spread anthrax germs over all our pasture lands. Presumably Lewisite would wipe out the inhabitants, while the anthrax germs would destroy all live-stock for generations to come, so that he must have had a mental picture of these British Isles transformed into so much barren and poisonous soil—the great graveyard, so to speak, of the British race. After which he suggested that I might join him in a drink, but I declined, feeling more tempted to report him for giving expression to such defeatist nonsense.

THAT Fat Boy is beyond drinking now. He was a gloomy Scot, and waxed gloomier the more he imbibed the liquid product of his native land, now so much scarcer than it was in 1940. It used to have a different effect on others, whose hopes and visions of ultimate victory rose with every glass. All expert opinion which I obtained at the time scouted the gloomy pictures that Jeremiah drew for us.

TEMPORARY TYRANTS Aug. 10, 1940

Often have I remarked that in order effectively to wage war against dictators, totalitarians, authoritarians or whatever you like to call those States in which democracy is either dead or slumbering, we have to adopt some of the methods of absolutism on which they are founded if we would prevail against them. Who shall say that Britain continues as a purely democratic State today with wartime "dictators" telling us what to do whether we like it or not? We have "for the duration" willingly agreed to the abrogation of many of the most cherished rights of freedom in order to present a united front to the foe. No other method could succeed. But give the bureaucrat an inch and he'll take an ell, be he British or Boche; and from our experience of what happened during the last War and the so-called years of peace which followed it, we might well expect to have to fight for the restoration, once the war was over, of many of the rights which have been taken away from us on the plea of war emergency.

WELL, we know more about the faults of the bureaucrats today than when I wrote that; but nearly a year after the nominal end of the War there is very little sign of any let-up in the burden of bureaucracy under which we are groaning. We may still hope it is "temporary," but many things begun as temporary measures can develop a longevity which is indistinguishable from permanence.

THE LITTLE COUNTRIES Sept. 7, 1940

Looking back over the last twelve months, I have every reason to be confirmed in an opinion to which I have often given expression in the last thirty years: that small neutral states interlarded among the greater states of Europe are a constant source of danger to peace. So long as the appeal to force remains the ultimate arbitrament between the great powers, the small peoples whose right to "self-determination" was accepted in theory at the founding of the League of Nations, and didn't mean a thing at its foundering, will be no better than material for crushing between the upper and nether millstones.

Had but the Scandinavian states united to maintain their independence, with Holland and Belgium in similar union for defence—and what a different course the War would have taken! Although France, as events have revealed, was rotten or at least rotting at the core of its body politic, the neglect of Holland and Belgium to arm themselves adequately in their own defence, and their too scrupulous efforts each to maintain a neutrality utterly beyond its power, had much to do with the military collapse of France. Whatever new order the eventual victory of Britain and her Allies may produce in Europe and Asia, the theory of self-determination for the lesser nations will have to be applied in association with some effective form of co-operative defence against any aggressor power.

I HOPE I am not being too optimistic in thinking that, despite the Anglo-Soviet exchanges at the Security Council of U.N.O., in which Mr. Bevin acquitted himself so well, there is every sign that the small sovereign states are going to have fair play and good living conditions under the new world order that is coming into being. There is no denying that in times past they have been spots of trouble, which were made the excuse for the stronger powers to start hostilities.

THE DAY CAME! Oct. 5, 1940

A day will come when our air power will so outstrip that of the braggart Hun that he will venture no more on his missions of murder against our towns and villages, while we shall be able to repay him in kind with compound interest. Even now the doom of Nazi Germany is preparing on the great training grounds of Canada, whence vast aerial armadas will come to smother both Germany and Italy and all the enemies of Britain. That part at least of our Empire plan for victory was certainly confirmed by men of vision and determination.

ELIA'S BIRTHPLACE Oct. 19, 1940

A stone's-throw from my editorial office at Whitefriars the yellow leaves are falling in the Temple gardens—not to mention the lovely old masonry of the historic buildings there which, after weathering nearly four centuries of time, was no match for the H.E. bombs dropped upon it by Hitler's young barbarians. I'm glad, however, that the gentle Elia's birthplace escaped, for in all the world no greater contrast to the Nazi doctrine of brute force could be found than in the serenity and friendliness of our beloved Charles Lamb, who was born there in Crown Office Row around which the flying fragments of the bombed Inner Temple Hall were falling so recently. (As I had written that word "serenity" another Alert spells it "sirenity"!). "So perish the roses"—but their fragrance lingers on in a world that is falling about our heads.

NOT long after, in passing among the ruins, I noted with sorrow that Lamb's birthplace had gone.

SECOND GREAT FIRE Dec. 30, 1940

Though I have been a Londoner by residence for only forty years, I have known it intimately for a full half-century. In the days of my youth it was my Baghdad. And today it is one with Baghdad in most things that made it romantic to my mind. Not that these were all extinguished in the Second Great Fire of Sunday, December 29, 1940. Far, far more of the old London that I loved had disappeared ten, twenty, thirty years ago. But the finishing touch came on that horrific Sunday night.

Fire is the great destroyer; worse than high explosives; and devastation has overcome the most famous of the world's publishing centres. Makers of books whose names are famous wherever the English language is known have had their homes for generations in Paternoster Row. And books, somehow, are not like furniture and furs and frills, so that we feel something with life in it has been destroyed when books feed the holocaust. The other things don't matter so much. But that's only a fancy, especially in these days when book production has been mechanized to the same pitch as electric torches. There will be a Paternoster Row again, but it will merely be the name for a place that "ceased upon the midnight hour." I've seen enough of the new London buildings to make me love the old ones more. The modern stuff that will arise will be exactly like what I have seen in Berlin, Paris, Buenos Aires and New York. The spirit of eld which haunted the purlieus of Paternoster Row and Square, Ivy and Warwick Lanes, can never come back. And something is here for tears.

[THE END]

POSTSCRIPT

A ROCKET-DRIVEN "space-ship" has been designed by a young Frenchman who claims it will reach the moon in eight hours. What I should be more interested to learn is: What does he intend doing once he gets there? Which—as my Chinese friends would doubtless point out—applies to much high-speed travel nowadays.

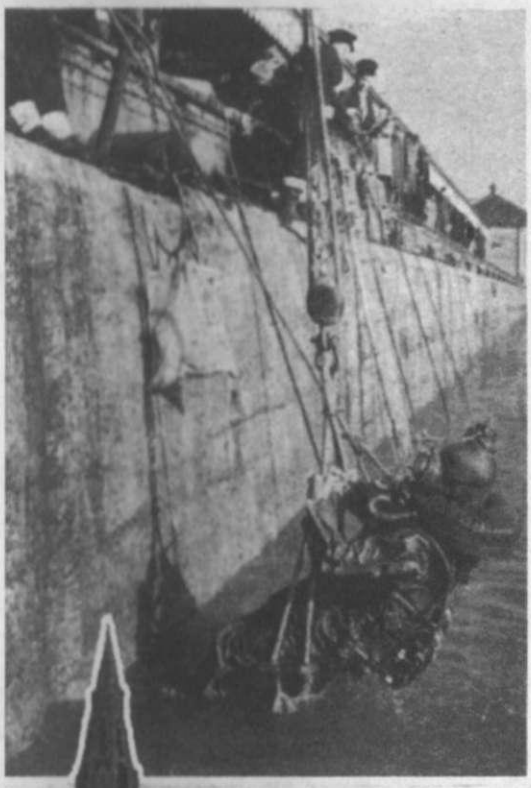
AN American soldier just returned from the wars has delivered himself of this shattering dictum: "It's a great deal easier studying history than it is making it." A glib enough generalization, until one recalls that some of the greatest students of History were those who also made it. Witness Thucydides, Xenophon—and Churchill.

FROM all quarters I hear complaints that queue-breakers are more active than at any time since 1939. All the old saws about the worm turning, and the last straw, naturally spring to mind—in extenuation—and for once I agree with them. Yet for the majority of us there is virtually no way out, except grinning and bearing. That is at once the tragedy and glory of life today (such as it is), even though most of us expected cream (however synthetic) with the fruits of victory.

I SO frequently complain of the continued wastage of paper that it gives me double pleasure to record what seems to me a highly commendable example to the contrary. At the Greek Exhibition at Burlington House, London, just now they are letting out the catalogues on hire. You pay a two-shilling deposit, which you retrieve on returning the catalogue as you go out.

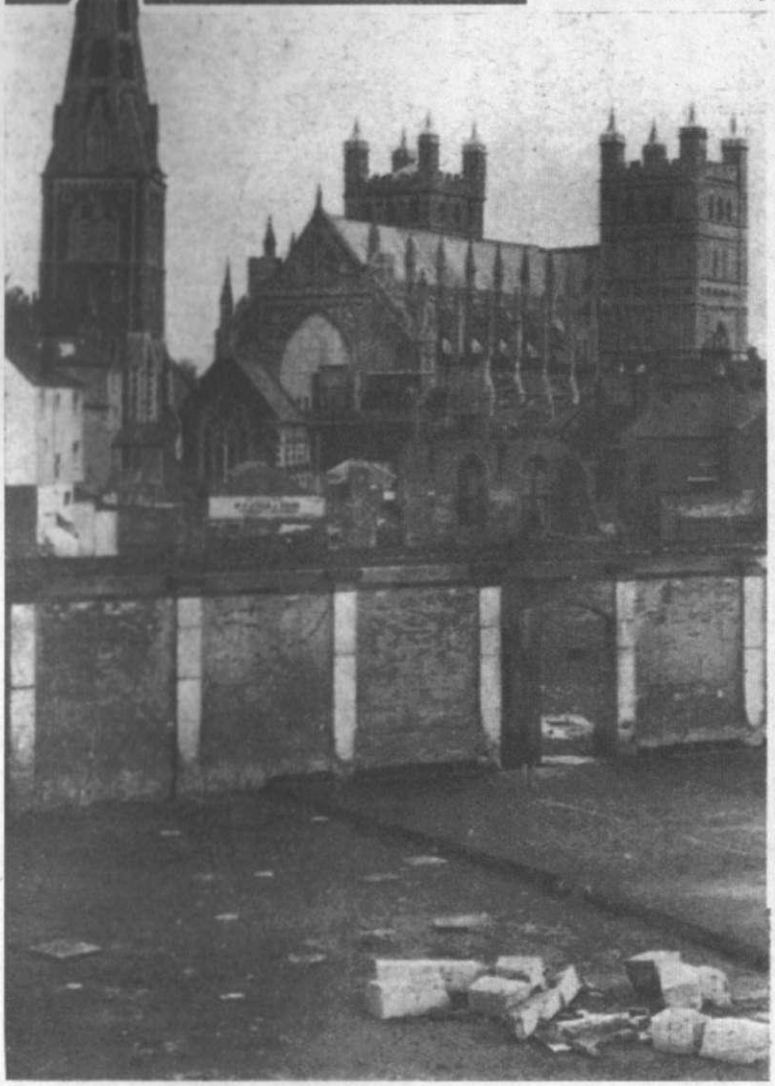
TRAVELLING to town by train I have been both amazed and amused to observe one of our youngest Air Vice-Marshals marking, learning and inwardly digesting—Mein Kampf! The officer in question is not an acquaintance of mine, otherwise I should ask him whether he is preparing for the Third Great War, or merely trying to catch up on the Second. The old theory that we Britons always win the last round ought to be given a rest, especially in the Atomic age.

In Britain Now: Abolishing Traces of the Hun



DIVERS AT LOWESTOFT, Suffolk, search the dock-bed for unexploded German bombs and shells. One of the searchers is seen (left) coming up to report. So far a few shells have been located by these naval mine-clearing parties.

WATER-JETS AT PERRANPORTH, Cornwall, are used on the beaches to expose mines which, sown there during the War, lie deep below the sand: a converted Bren-carrier (above) hurling a powerful jet, its crew taking cover.

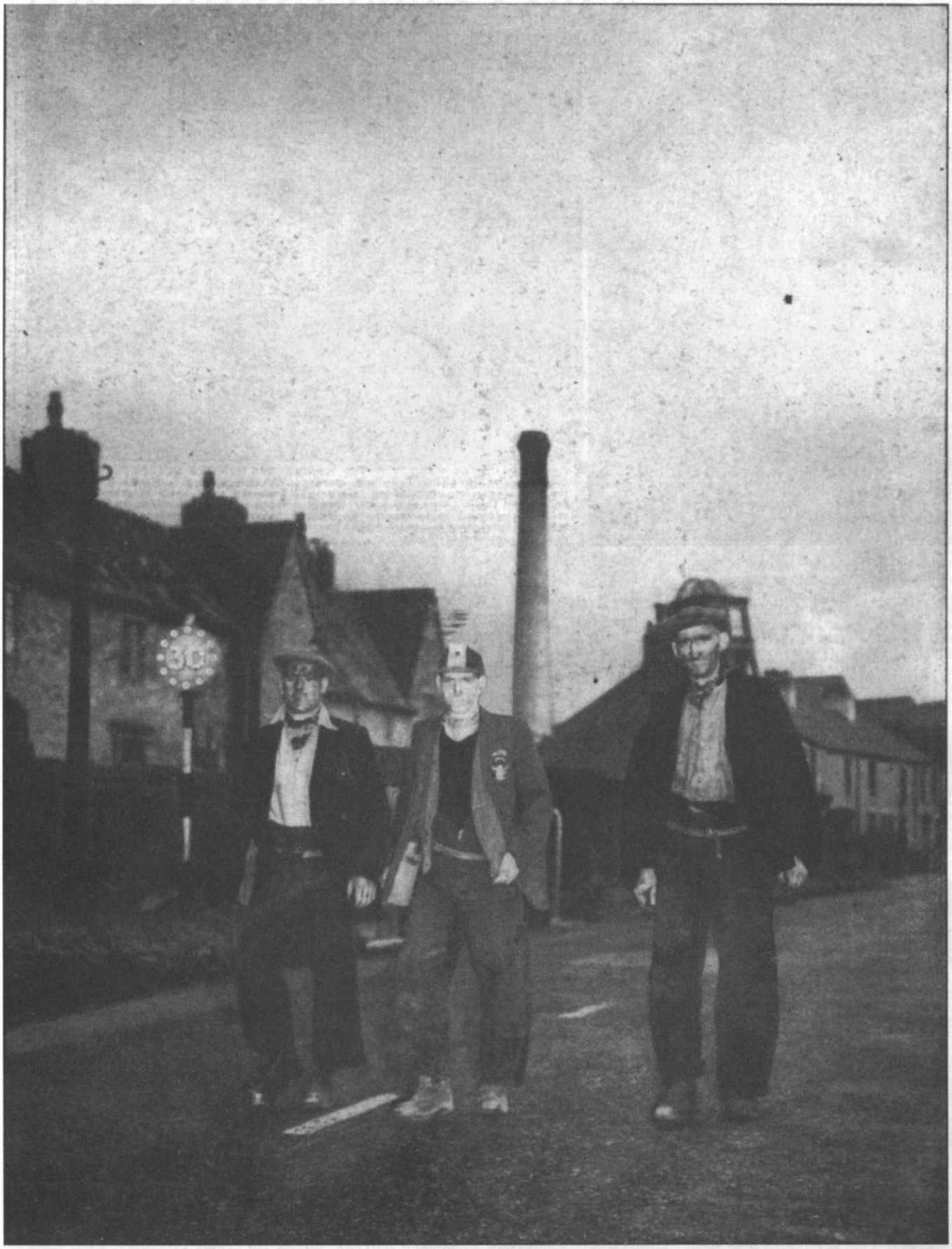


EXETER CATHEDRAL (left), damaged in the "Baedeker" raids of 1942, is the centre around which the city is to be rebuilt. Completed plans and models have been examined by the Minister for Town and Country Planning and await approval.

IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE, London, a bulldozer (above) assists in the clearance of air-raid shelters. It pushes the debris away after the shelters have been pounded to pieces by a heavy steel weight swung by a mobile crane. (See page 30).

Photos, Planet, Penhall, P.A.-Reuter, Keystone

'The New Britain Must Be Built on Coal'



DURHAM MINERS HOMEWARD BOUND AT DUSK, these share the burden of responsibility for putting Britain on her feet again—of repairing the deficit in the nation's coal supplies which during this winter has been recorded as 8,000,000 tons. After a strenuous day in the pits, these sturdy underground workers still have in mind the warning issued on February 9, 1946, by Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power, that "the new Britain must be built on coal, or it can never be built at all." *Photo, Topical Press*

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